

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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THE SAFE  
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THE PICK OF  
THE CHOICEST  
EMPIRE GARDENS

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When Summer days shorten and the swallows fly southwards—then is the time to sail away on the Dreamship of cruises to the blue Mediterranean—to bask in comfort for three golden weeks of warmth and sunshine!

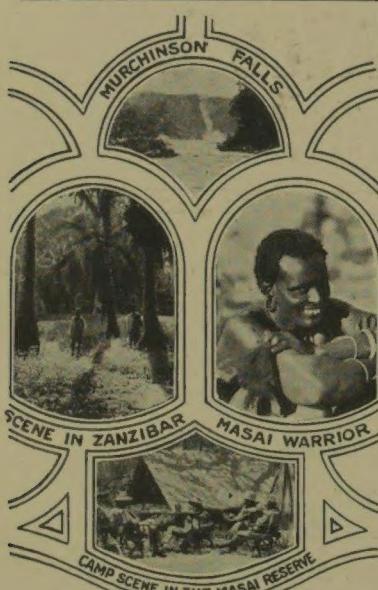
Special features of the Ship include Pompeian Swimming Pool (also outdoor sun-bathing pool), Sun Deck, Games Decks, Ballroom, &c.

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## CANADIAN PACIFIC WORLD'S GREATEST TRAVEL SYSTEM.

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## WINTER in the Sunlit East ... visit KENYA & UGANDA

Britain's most attractive colonies, where there is no monotony of landscape or incident. Every day brings something different in sport, scenery and general interest!

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A complete rail and steamer service exists to most parts of Kenya and Uganda. Corridor trains, with sleeping and dining cars, and up-to-date steamers. Through connections to Egypt and the Sudan, Tanganyika, Rhodesia, South Africa, Belgian Congo, give alternative routes for return journey.

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Please send me Travel Brochure,

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L.N.



"If any remedy should find the widest appreciation it is Sanatogen. There is no preparation as powerful to restore vitality. No better tonic is known and none more suitable to convalescents,"

writes Dr. B. B.

## In Convalescence—

especially after debilitating diseases—and fevers, Sanatogen is the ideal food to strengthen the nerves and to build up new health in the weakened cells of blood and body because Sanatogen provides your body with nature's own building material of strength: phosphorus and albumin.

Start a course of Sanatogen to-day—its revitalizing influence will soon become apparent. Your appetite will return, the colour will come back to your cheeks.

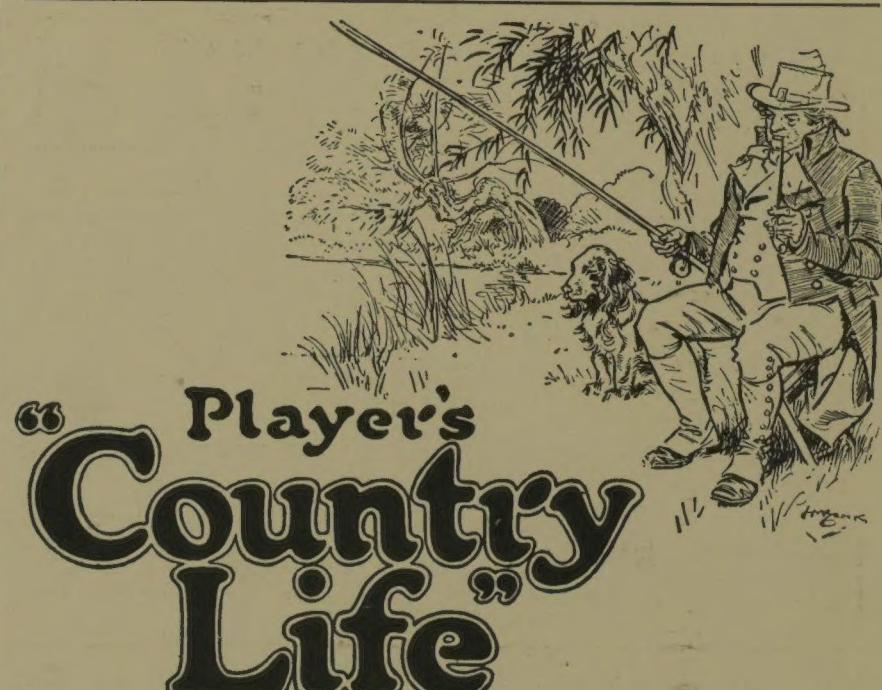
## SANATOGEN

The True Tonic-Food

At all Chemists from 2/3 per tin.

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LOUGHBOROUGH

Now obtainable in a Family size packing at 19/9,  
containing 2½ times the contents of a 10/9 tin.



### SMOKING MIXTURE



1'1<sup>d</sup> per oz  
and 2oz pocket tins  
at 2'2<sup>d</sup>

Fresh as the Country Air.

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1932.



A MOTOR-LAUNCH WHERE GONDolas WERE ONCE SUPREME: THE PRINCE OF WALES AND PRINCE GEORGE IN VENICE—(ABOVE) TOURING THE CANALS; (BELOW) CROSSING THE PIAZZA OF ST. MARK'S (IN STRAW HATS AND SMOKED GLASSES).

On their way to Corfu, where they visited the Mediterranean Fleet and the Greek authorities ashore, the Prince of Wales and Prince George spent part of August 12 in Venice. After seeing St. Mark's and the Doges' Palace, they ascended the Campanile (visible in the background of our lower photograph) and then bathed at the Lido. Next morning they left Venice by air, in the Imperial Airways flying-boat "Satyrus," which in the evening

alighted beside the flag-ship "Queen Elizabeth" at Corfu. After their inspection of the Fleet on Monday, August 15, the welcome signal was made: "All ships. By his Royal Highness's command, ships' companies will make and mend clothes this afternoon and splice the main brace this evening." It was the first "splicing the main brace" (i.e., an extra allowance of rum) enjoyed by the Mediterranean Fleet since the Armistice.



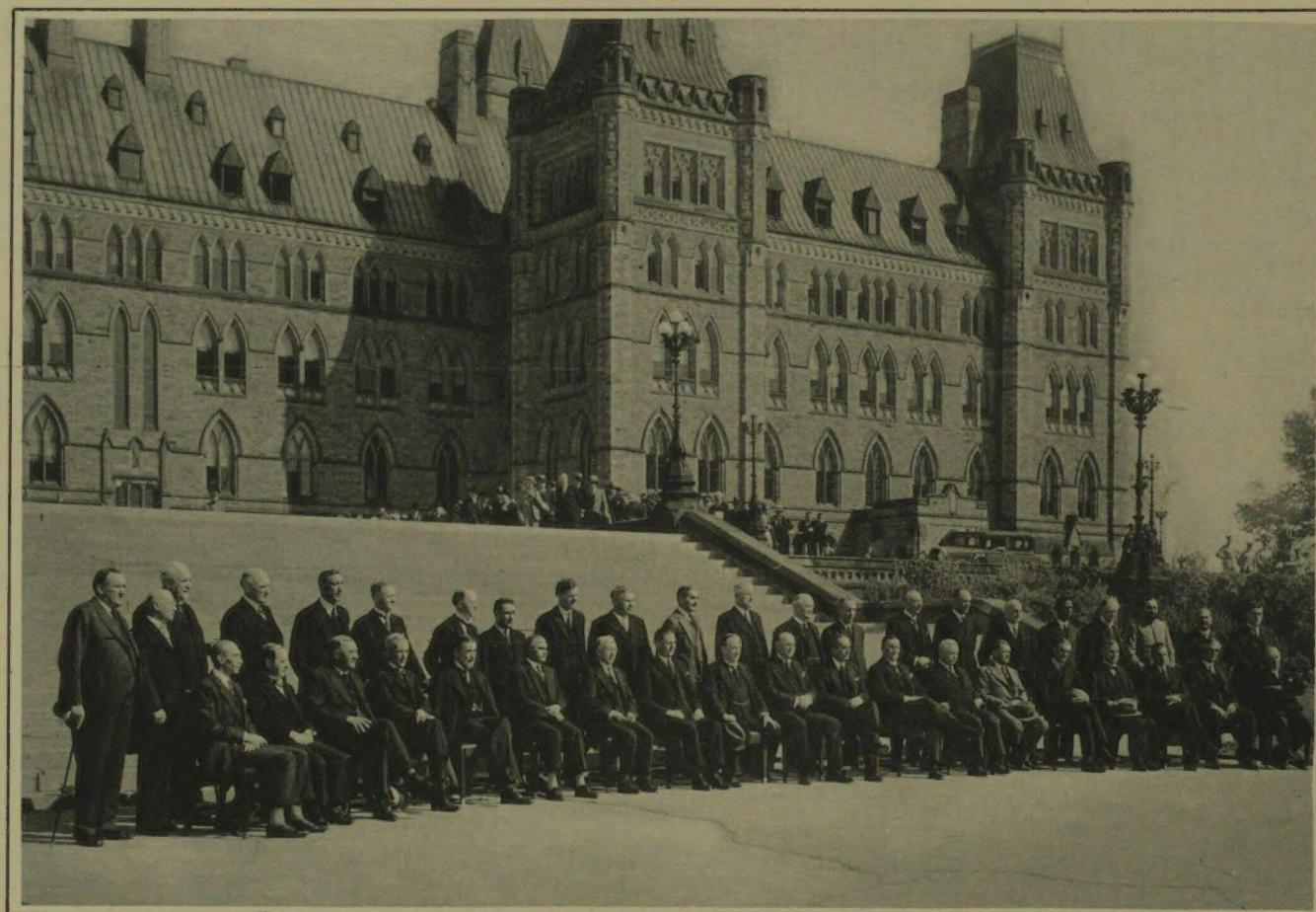
BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

M R. PHILIP CARR recently published a picturesque and interesting sketch of the French Romantics in the great period of Romanticism. It appeared at an appropriate time—at about the time when we could fairly say that artistic Paris, in that sense, had at last ceased to be gossip and had begun to be history. The admirable "Beachcomber," in the *Daily Express*, has often made fun of the fussy and confused "reminiscences" of men who claim to have lived the Bohemian life of the French capital; exulting in an orgy of anarchy and anachronism; and describing how he drank absinthe with Zola and Chateaubriand or shared a garret with Gauguin and Montalembert. But time sets a limit even to anachronism; it would hardly do for the most venerable journalist, writing "Ninety-eight Years in Fleet Street" to claim to have met Milton as well as Keats; and even Mr. Frank Harris did not profess to have been the intimate friend of Swift as well as Carlyle. We are now far enough away from the French Romantics of the nineteenth century to judge them as we should the Pléiade in the sixteenth century. In both cases, of course, a good many English people will entirely mis-judge them and absurdly underrate them; many through a cultural, educational or acquired characteristic: a complete ignorance of French; many others by a profound, primitive, natural gift: a complete ignorance of poetry. It would be very easy to make English jokes about the French Romantics; the sort of jokes that might be made about them in *Punch*. There is even some excuse for a superficial reader, accustomed to such superficial satire, if he gains such a general impression. I mean the impression that the great geniuses of nineteenth-century Paris were all marked by three characteristics: that they all went about in crowds, frequently riotous crowds; that they each of them complained in verse that they were dwelling in a desert of unbearable loneliness; and that each of them had to be (or professed to be), for however short a period, in love with George Sand. But the weakness of all such superior Victorian patronage is that the Romantic often lived a life that was more real, not to say realistic, in its tests and risks and even privations, than the life of the patronising Victorian. The Victorian humorist would not have liked to starve in a garret because he was a Republican or a Royalist; he would not have liked to face a Paris mob even, when it was out to kill; for a fine point of literary criticism; he certainly would not have liked to be challenged to a duel by all the dreamy, ineffective

aesthetes in Paris; and even having a love affair with George Sand, though to some not much more alluring than having a heart-to-heart talk with the rhinoceros at the Zoo, was certainly almost as dangerous. In truth it was the jolly humorous Victorian, of the type of Thackeray or Trollope, who was the Romantic. It was he who lived in a world of his own; in a happy land that was a happy dreamland; in that prosperous and peaceful England that was a day-dream and had its day. The French Romantics made fools of themselves in all sorts of ways, as very clever men always do. But they were much nearer to the taste of certain terrible things: death and desperate faith and the fury of the poor, and abstract certitudes and even despair. They were dramatic, and even melodramatic, in their gestures; but, after all, they were not on a stage. They lived through real revolutions, and not unreal reforms; they

impression that these are very venerable moral traditions of mankind that no man has ever dared to disturb till now. The truth is that all this sentiment is still a new thing; and only yesterday was the new thing. The romance of drooping love-locks or flowing ringlets, the fainting and the feminine sensibility, the pressed flowers and the pink albums, the Books of Beauty and the Gems of Loveliness—only yesterday, all these things were not only Youth but the Revolt of Youth. Only yesterday all these things were not only the fashion; they were even the rebellion against fashion; in the sense of the rebellion against convention. Only yesterday all these were the freaks of that Freedom by which the rising generation shocked its elders. Only yesterday all these things were To-morrow.

Anyone who will consider the facts will see that this is no exaggeration. The albums and the keepsakes were inscribed with endless quotations from Byron; because Byron had been a revolutionist. We cannot now realise the wild novelty, nay, crudity, of the young lady who insisted on copying out Byron, instead of copying out Cowper. We cannot feel the fact that she was gate-crashing; that she was going the pace; that she was running around with a pretty hot crowd; but it was the fact. And the moral of it is that nothing grows old so quickly as what is new. The real comment upon the simpering smile of the lady with the ringlets, as revealed reclining with mandolin and bulbul, in the Book of Beauty, is to send her portrait to the most modern of all modern girls, engaged in detaching her mouth from her face by the latest optical illusion of lip-



THE OTTAWA CONFERENCE: AN OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH OF THE DELEGATES.

The names of the delegates seen in our photograph and the countries they represent are as follows: (from left to right) seated—Sir Henry Strakosch (India), Mr. L. E. Emerson (Newfoundland), Mr. P. G. W. Grobler (South Africa), Mr. H. S. Gullett (Australia), Sir George Perley (Canada), Sir Atul C. Chatterjee (India), Mr. Sean T. O'Kelly (Irish Free State), Mr. J. G. Coates (New Zealand), Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Bennett, Mr. Bruce, Mr. N. C. Havenga (South Africa), Mr. Alderdice (Newfoundland), Mr. H. U. Moffat (Southern Rhodesia), Mr. Neville Chamberlain, Mr. W. Downie-Stewart (New Zealand), Mr. Sean Lemass (Irish Free State), Mr. P. D. L. Flynn (Southern Rhodesia), Mr. J. H. Thomas; and standing (left to right)—Mr. W. A. Gordon (Canada), Mr. A. Duranleau (Canada), Mr. C. H. Cahan (Canada), Mr. E. B. Ryckman (Canada), Sahibzada Abdul Samad Khan (India), Mr. R. J. Manion (Canada), Mr. Walter Runciman (Great Britain), Sir Padamjee Ginwala (India), Dr. J. Ryan (Irish Free State), Mr. A. P. J. Fourie (South Africa), Sir George Schuster (India), Mr. Hugh Guthrie (Canada), Viscount Hallsham (Great Britain), Sir George Rainy (India), Mr. Edgar N. Rhodes (Canada), Sir Phillip Cunliffe-Lister (Great Britain), Mr. H. H. Stevens (Canada), Mr. Shambukham Chetty (India), Sir John Gilmour (Great Britain), Haji Abdoola Haroon (India), Mr. Arthur Sauvé (Canada), Mr. Robert Weir (Canada).

lived within striking distance of the duellist's pistol and the rioter's pike. They followed women or visions perhaps not worth dying for; but some of them might really have died. Because their cries were sometimes childish, people forgot that the burnt child dreads the fire only when it is a real fire; and the Victorian nursery always had an efficient fire-guard.

The true intellectual interest of Romanticism, now that it has been so completely replaced by Realism, is that everybody has completely forgotten how a very recent rebellion of the young produced the first quite as much as the second. It is amusing to find the young writers of to-day looking back disdainfully on what they consider old-fashioned "sentiment" or "sentimentalism" or "sensibility" or "putting woman on a pedestal" or "romantic illusions about love"—all apparently under the

stick, with the old inscription: "Get you to my lady's chamber; and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come."

More ironic than the grinning skull, more dissolvent than dust and ashes, slower and more certain in its vengeance than mere death, this destiny has decreed that The Young of every generation shall not die, but shall live on as specimens of The Old; and especially as types of the old-fashioned. Each generation of rebels in turn is remembered by the next, not as the pioneers who began the march, or started to break away from the old conventions; but as the old convention from which only the very latest rebels have dared to break away. The moral seems to be that there may be a reward for rebels in heaven, if the Bright Young Things are looking in that direction; but there is precious little reward on earth.

## AN OLYMPIC PATTERN: TWELVE SCENES AT LOS ANGELES.



WORTHY HEIRS OF THE ATHLETES OF ANTIQUITY: OUTSTANDING VICTORS OF THE TENTH OLYMPIC GAMES AT LOS ANGELES, WHERE AN UNPARALLELED NUMBER OF RECORDS WERE BROKEN.

We here give our readers a series of photographs of some of the most exciting events and principal personalities of the Tenth Olympic Games, which finished at Los Angeles on August 14. The meeting was remarkable for the number of records broken. This was partly due to the atmospheric conditions, which were perfect; and also to the pleasant surroundings and the comfortable quarters in which the athletes were accommodated. The greatest success scored by England was Hampson's victory in the 800-metre event. This will be found illustrated here; as also Thomas Green's triumph in the 50,000-metre walk. Hampson's

victory was won by inches from A. Wilson, of Canada; and in doing so he set up a new Olympic and world's record of 1 min. 49.4 sec. The greatest number of victories was gained, as had been anticipated, by the U.S.A. In further explanation of the photographs reproduced here we may point out that the American athlete who is seen here making the discus throw is J. Anderson. He is stated to have broken the Olympic record; and Dr. O'Callaghan is stated to have broken his own previous Olympic record in the hammer throw. W. Miller, Miss Didrickson, Miss Walsh and Miss Copeland set up world records in their respective events.

# LONDON AS AN AUGUST HOLIDAY RESORT: AN "AERIAL" MAP OF ITS MANY ATTRACTIONS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM INFORMATION SUPPLIED BY DAME BEATRIX LYALL, D.B.E., VICE-CHAIRMAN OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL, AND FORMERLY CHAIRMAN OF THE PARKS COMMITTEE.

-INDICATES OPEN SPACES.

■ INDICATES MUSEUMS & PLACES OF INTEREST.

+ OPEN SPACES WELL WORTH A VISIT.  
PLAYGROUNDS OF LESS INTEREST X TO THE VISITOR.



PARKS AND OPEN SPACES (INDICATED BY WHITE DISCS ON THE DRAWING)

No.	Name	Street	FEATURES	RAILWAY STATION
1	Golden Hind	Golden Lane, N.W.	Gold English Garden and House	Golden Lane, E.R.
2	Hampstead Heath	Hampstead, N.W.	Wonderful Victorian Gardens "Beauchamp's Tomb" and Bathing Ponds	Hampstead, or Trans. Hampstead, or Trams
3	Parliament Hill	Hampstead, N.W.	Highgate, N.W.	Tram 7 and 15.
4	Waterlow Park	Highbury, N.W.	Rugged and Well Timed	Waterloo Park, N.
5	Finsbury Park	Highbury, N.W.	Recreation Field	Kilburn Park, L.M.S.R.
6	Closed Park	Near Finsbury Park, N.	Boating Lakes, Bands, etc.	Finsbury Park, L.N.E.R.
7	Clissold Park	Near Upper Clapton Rd., N.	Well Timbered and Picturesque	Highbury, L.M.S.R.
8	Bryant Park	Crayford, N.E.	Breezy Open Spaces	Stanford Hill, L.N.E.R.
9	Newington Concourse	Stoke Newington, N.	Overlooking Lee Valley	Hornsey, N.E.
10	Hampstead Pines	Downs Rd, Hackney, N.E.	Small Open Space	Hackney Downs
11	Hackney Marsh	Hackney, N.E.	40 acres—Football and Cricket	Hackney Downs
12	Victoria Park	Hackney, N.E.	Small Open Space	Victoria Park, or Trans.
13	London Fields	Hackney	12 acres—beautiful Park	Hornsey
14	Victoria Pcs. or	Hackney	12 acres—beautiful Park	Victoria Park, or Trans.
15	Hampstead Common	Hampstead, S.E.	26 acres of Playground	London Fields (L.N.E.R.)

(Continued below)

19	Geoffrey's Museum	Kingsland Rd., Shoreditch	Pretty Garden and Period Furniture	Mount St., Woodwich, S.E.
20	Bethnal Green	Bethnal Green, E.	Precious Library & Sunken Gardens	Woodwich, S.E.
21	Marylebone	Regent's Park, N.W.	Global Garden of Trees	Woodwich, S.E.
22	Grosvenor Hall	Old Ford Road, Bow, E.	Playing Fields	Shoester's Hill, S.E.
23	Stepney Green	Jubilee, Court Rd., Bow, E.	Whitefield's Chapel	Shoester's Hill, S.E.
24	Lincoln's Inn Fields	Stepney, E.	Picture Galleries and Associations	Shoulder of Mutton, S.E.
25	Victoria Gardens	Stepney, E.	Picnic Grounds and Areas of Games	Glenham Rd., Euston, S.E.
26	Stepney Green	Notting Hill, W.	Open Space for Games	Euston, S.E.
27	Westminster Bridge	Hammersmith, W.	Small Open Space for Games	Charing Cross Underground
28	Southwark Common	Hammersmith, W.	Ground for Games	Trans. and Trams.
29	Stepney Chancery	King's Rd., Cheshire, S.W.	Ornamental Garden	Sherburn's Bush, C.L.R.
30	St. James's	Ratcliff E., Stepney, E.	Sports	Stepney Green, S.E.
31	Millbank	Stepney, E.	Small Sports Ground	Stepney Green, S.E.
32	Victoria Gardens	North Woolwich, S.E.	Picture Viewing Chambers Shipping	Stepney Green, S.E.
33	Southwark	Abney Wood, S.E.	A Picture Viewing Open Space	Stepney Green, S.E.
34	Plumstead Common	Stepney, S.E.	Views, Boating Lake, Sports	Stepney Green, S.E.

(Continued on right)

In a recent letter to the "Times," Dame Beatrix Lyall, Vice-Chairman of the London County Council, drew attention to the fact that many open spaces now under its control, and to a number of others which are practically unknown to the Londoner, have been left to rot during August and September, or even October, when visitors and abroad come over. There are London "free" shows, such as her numerous museums, picture galleries, containing historical exhibits, and other picture galleries, to aid to finding these places of interest, we present this overview view of the City of London, and append a key to help the intending

35	Maryon Park	Mount St., Woodwich, S.E.
36	Maryon-Wood Park	Woodwich, S.E.
37	Eaglestone	Shoester's Hill, S.E.
38	Stepney Green	Stepney, S.E.
39	Stepney Junction	Stepney, S.E.
40	Stepney, 27, 29, and 69	Stepney, S.E.
41	Shoulder of Mutton	Stepney, S.E.
42	Euston	Glenham Rd., Euston, S.E.
43	Hammersmith	Stepney, S.E.
44	Northbrook Park	Baring Road, Lee, S.E.
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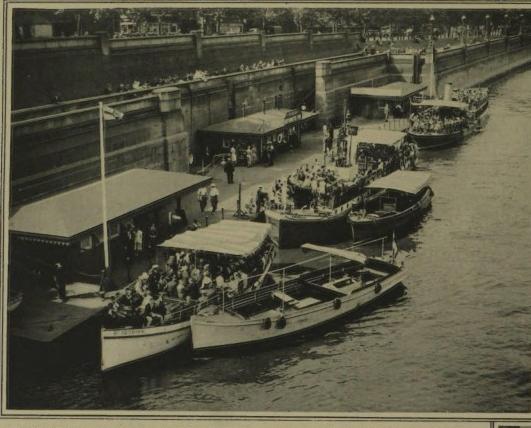
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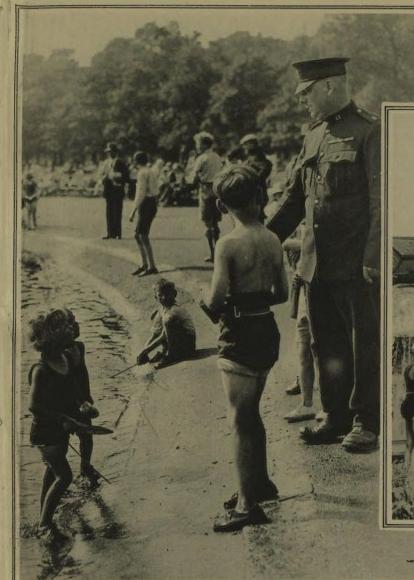
## London Delights for Visitors and Residents in Summer-time:



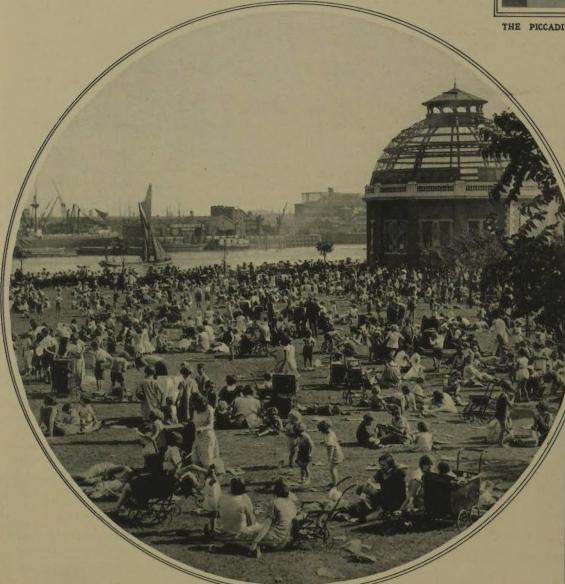
LONDON'S RIVER COMES INTO ITS OWN IN THE HEAT-WAVE: STEAMERS AND PLEASURE-BOATS THRONGED AT WESTMINSTER PIER.



THE PICCADILLY "LIDO"—A PLEASANT BATHING-POOL ERECTED ON THE ROOF OF THE PICCADILLY HOTEL.



AN EXCEPTION TO LONDON'S BATHING FACILITIES: A PARK-KEEPER ORDERING CHILDREN OUT OF THE ROUND POND IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.



A POPULAR RIVERSIDE RESORT: KING EDWARD MEMORIAL PARK AT SHADWELL ENTHUSIASTICALLY PATRONISED BY HEAT-RIDDEN "EAST-ENDERS."

Southern England and London recently experienced a heat-wave of unusual intensity. As our illustrations show, however, a succession of almost tropical days and nights found Londoners in a relatively better position, as regards finding relief, than they were in previous heat-waves—that is, two years ago, and in the phenomenal one of 1911, when 100 degrees was recorded at Greenwich. For one thing, fashions—for women at least—afford increased coolness; though whether the abandonment of the straw "boater" by

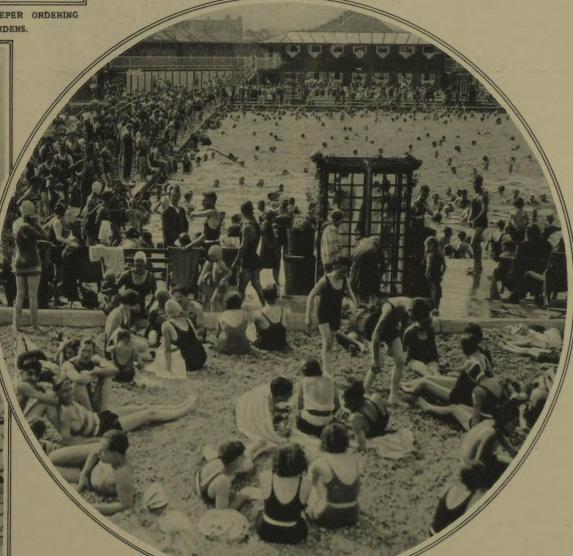


DELIGHTFUL COOLNESS IN THE HEART OF LONDON: A SYLVAN SCENE ADVANTAGE OF OPPORTUNITIES FOR

Englishmen as the normal form of hot-weather headress has left them cooler or hotter is a moot point. For another thing, our attitude towards certain forms of dress seems to have been considerably modified; and the appearance of bathing costumes and beach trousers in Oxford Street, and the bright yellow pyjamas reported from Tottenham Court Road, caused no riot, and not even a shower of protesting letters to the newspapers. Sun-bathing became *de rigueur*, even in London, which is far better provided



ON THE HYDE PARK "LIDO"—WITH NUMEROUS LONDONERS TAKING SUN-BATHING BESIDE THE SERPENTINE.



ENFIELD LEADING THE MOVEMENT FOR "COOLER LONDON": THE NEW OPEN-AIR SWIMMING-BATHS PATRONISED

BY INNUMERABLE BATHERS OF BOTH SEXES.

The baths at Enfield, also illustrated here, were another centre of pilgrimage, as were those at Hornsey. London's river, too, came into its own as a magnificent cool corridor through the very centre of a heat-riden town. Steamers, pleasure-boats, and water-taxis were accordingly well patronised. Finally, the enterprise of the management of the Piccadilly Hotel must not go unnoticed. The bathing pool on their roof has quite a Continental flavour, with its gay-striped umbrellas.

## Substitutes for the Seaside in and about the Metropolis.



A CENTRE OF PILGRIMAGE DURING THE HEAT-WAVE: HORNSEY OPEN-AIR BATHS CROWDED WITH BATHERS SEEKING TO TAKE LIFE COOLLY.



A BRITISH AIRMAN ACCUSED OF MURDER AT MIAMI : CAPTAIN LANCASTER (IN WITNESS-BOX) QUESTIONED BY HIS COUNSEL, MR. J. M. CARSON.

Captain W. N. Lancaster, formerly of the R.A.F., was arrested at Miami, Florida, on May 2, charged with the murder of Mr. Haden Clarke, fiancé of Mrs. Keith Miller, the Australian airwoman, Captain Lancaster's flying partner. During the trial recently the dead man's skull was produced in court as evidence of suicide.

## OCCASIONS AND PERSONALITIES : HAPPENINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

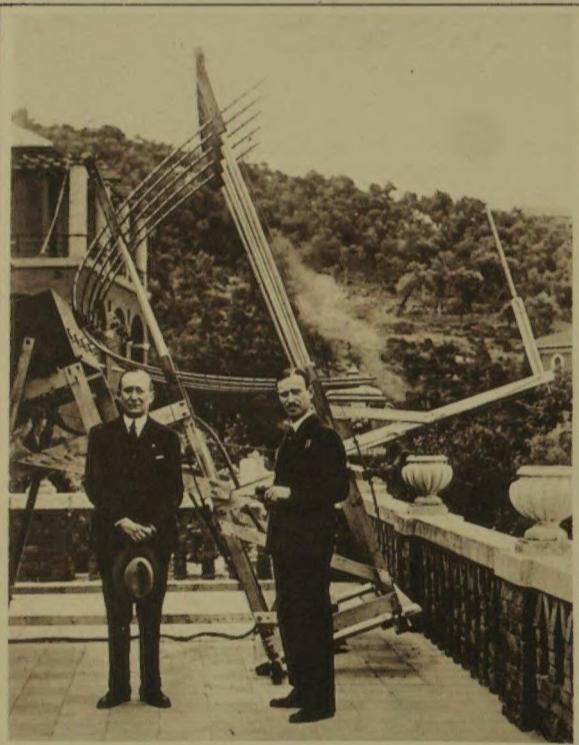


A NOTED WOMAN NOVELIST WHO DIED RECENTLY : THE LATE MISS VERA HUTCHINSON.

Miss Vera Stuart Menteth Hutchinson, who died in London after a long illness, on August 9, at the age of forty-one, was a daughter of the late General H. D. Hutchinson, C.S.I., and a sister of Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson, the novelist, author of "If Winter Comes." She had herself written several novels, including "Sea Wrack," "Great Waters," and "The Naked Man."



THE MOST FAMOUS OF CANINE FILM ACTORS DEAD : RIN-TIN-TIN, THE ALSATIAN WHO EARNED £400 A WEEK. Rin-Tin-Tin died recently in Hollywood of old age—being over fourteen. He was one of two Alsatian puppies captured by French troops from a German dug-out during the war, and was adopted by Captain Lee Duncan, of the American Air Force. Rin-Tin-Tin appeared in about fifty films, some written specially for him, and had earned at times £400 a week.



SENATOR MARCONI (ON LEFT) AND HIS NEW WIRELESS APPARATUS WITH AN ULTRA-SHORT WAVE-LENGTH.

Senator Marconi recently announced a new discovery in wireless communication by ultra-short waves. With a low-power apparatus producing waves of only 57 cm., he communicated clearly, both by radio-telegraph and radio-telephone, 170 miles. Its importance is in showing the possibility of communicating by ultra-short waves over distances theoretically impracticable owing to the earth's curvature.



NEXT WEEK'S TREASURE AT THE VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM : A WINGED ARM-CHAIR (C. 1700).

The current week's "treasure," the Howard Grace Cup, was illustrated in our issue of April 11, 1931. Above is that for the week beginning August 18. This chair has classical designs on the cover. It was presented in 1922 by Mr. Douglas Eyre.—[By Courtesy of the Museum. Crown Copyright Reserved.]



A WOMAN TO PRESIDE FOR AN HOUR IN THE REICHSTAG : FRAU ZETKIN (LEFT), WITH LENIN'S WIDOW.

Frau Clara Zetkin, the veteran German woman Communist, recently announced her intention of exercising her right, as the oldest member of the new Reichstag, to occupy the chair as its President for one hour at the opening session, on August 22, pending the election of a permanent President. She will have to travel to Berlin from Moscow, whither she intends to return after the inauguration ceremony.



A GREAT NEW AMERICAN LINER THAT RECENTLY STARTED ON HER MAIDEN VOYAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC : THE "MANHATTAN" SEEN FROM THE AIR.

The new 24,000-ton luxury liner "Manhattan," the latest addition to the United States Lines, recently left New York on her maiden voyage to Europe, during which she was due to call at Plymouth. A note supplied with the above air photograph states that she is the first liner built in an American shipyard for the North Atlantic trade for thirty-five years. She later underwent successful trials off the Maine coast before proceeding to New York.



THE FOREIGN SECRETARY AT THE BRITISH CHESS CONGRESS : SIR JOHN SIMON WATCHING A MATCH BETWEEN SULTAN KHAN (RIGHT) AND MR. T. H. TYLOR.

Sir John Simon and Sir Ernest Graham-Little, the President of the Empire Chess Association, welcomed players and guests at the start of the 25th Congress of the British Chess Federation, on August 15, at the Empire Social Chess Club, Bayswater. Sir John, in allusion to "other conferences," commanded a congress that would have a definite result and proceed in silence. Sultan Khan defeated Mr. T. H. Tylor in the first round.

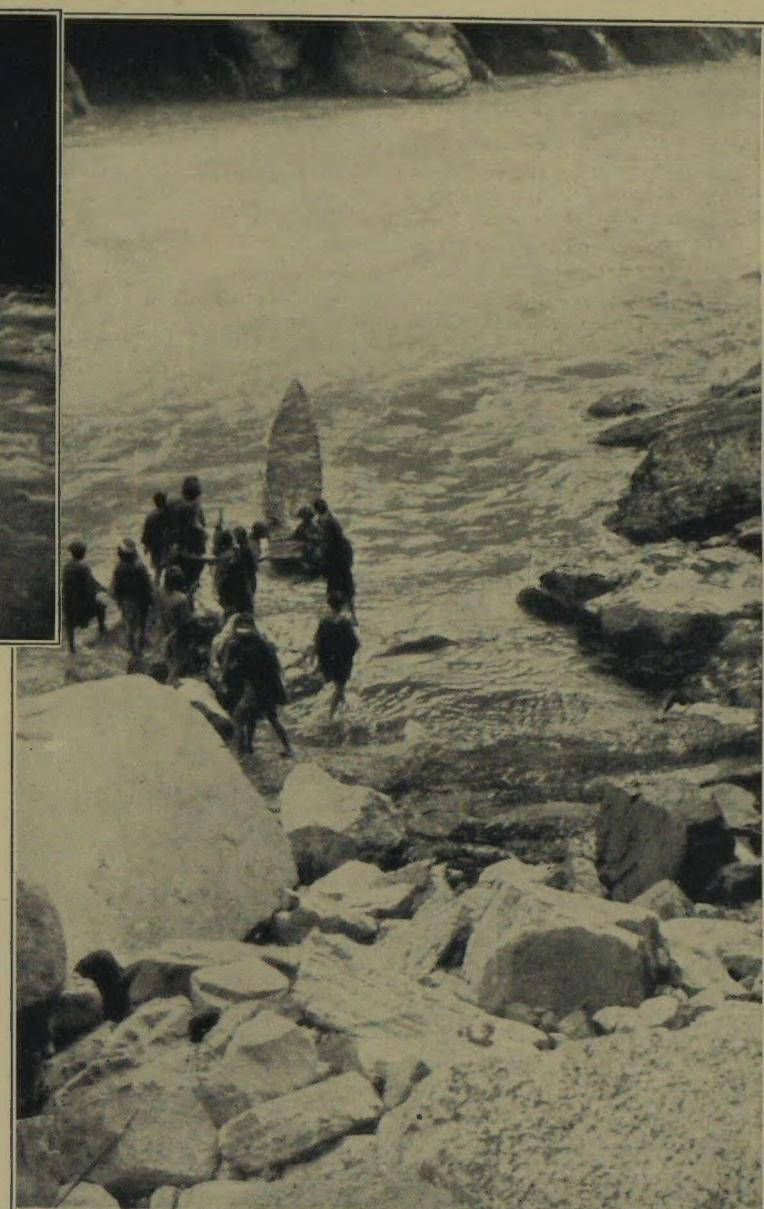
## DR. GREGORY'S DEATH IN ANDEAN RAPIDS: HIS ILL-FATED EXPEDITION.



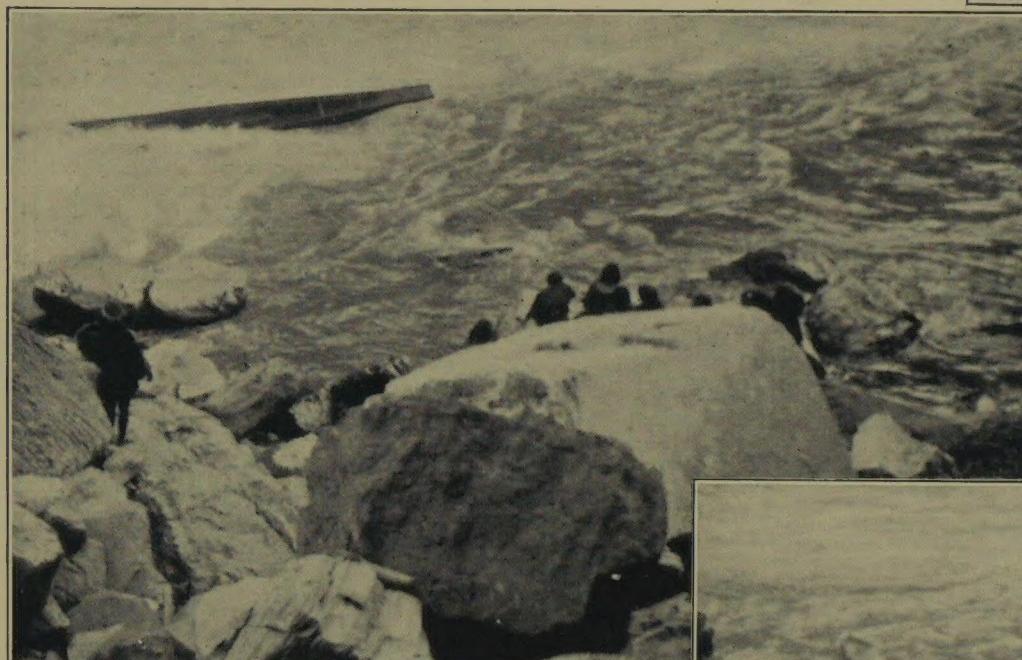
KEPT CLOSE TO THE SHORE BY MEANS OF ROPES HELD BY INDIANS: A CANOE PASSING THROUGH ONE OF THE WORST RAPIDS IN THE PONGO DE MAINIQUE, ON THE UPPER URUBAMBA RIVER, NEAR THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER.

DETAILS of the tragic death of Professor J. W. Gregory, the famous geologist and leader of the Gregory Geological Expedition in Peru, have recently become known; and we quote the following from the "Times" report. "The object of Professor Gregory's visit to Peru was to make a reconnaissance of the main Andean range and to determine the age at which it rose from the bed of the ocean, thus completing the study of a lifetime of the geological history of the Pacific Ocean. He was accompanied by Miss M. McKinnon Wood, of Cambridge University and specialist in geology, and by Mr. A. V. Coverley-Price, of the British Diplomatic Service.... The expedition proceeded to Rosalina, the point on the Urubamba River at which canoe navigation becomes possible. Here the party had to wait for three weeks while canoes were obtained. In the days of the rubber 'boom,' states Miss McKinnon Wood, a good overland trail used to connect Rosalina with the Pongo de Mainique, the last and worst of a chain of rapids which renders navigation on this section of the river so dangerous; but it has since been obliterated by landslides.... The expedition proceeded down river in two canoes, and spent the night of June 1 at the mouth of the Pongo de Mainique. On the following day the luggage was carried to a point

[Continued below.]



AT THE POINT WHERE THE PARTY WAS FORCED TO RE-EMBARK WITH LUGGAGE, SINCE THE PRECIPITOUS BANKS PREVENTED FURTHER OVERLAND PROGRESS: A CANOE, FULL OF WATER, HAULED TO THE BANK.



A FEW YARDS FROM THE SCENE OF PROFESSOR GREGORY'S DEATH: AN EMPTY CANOE, WHICH HAD BEEN LOWERED WITH ROPES THROUGH ONE OF THE WORST RAPIDS IN THE PONGO, FILLING WITH WATER.

immediately above the Megantone Falls, the last and swiftest of the rapids, while the two canoes were lowered by rope. No portage over the last section was possible, owing to the perpendicular character of the rocks. Moreover, recent landslides had narrowed the bed of the river still further and dangerously increased the volume of the current. In the circumstances, the party had no option but to embark with their luggage and steer the best course possible through the broken water. The first canoe, with M. Tarnawiecki (a Polish scientist accompanying the expedition) and a crew of six Machiganga Indians, shot through into safety, though the canoe was badly waterlogged in transit. The second canoe, containing Professor Gregory, Miss McKinnon Wood, and Mr. Coverley-Price, capsized. Miss McKinnon Wood, aided by the current, managed to swim ashore, as did also Mr. Coverley-Price. Professor Gregory was seen by his companions clinging to the canoe, which

[Continued above on right.]



THE ILL-FATED CANOE: INDIANS BALING OUT THE CANOE WHICH, SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, CAPSIZED ABOUT A HUNDRED YARDS BELOW THIS POINT WITH PROFESSOR GREGORY, MISS MCKINNON WOOD, AND MR. COVERLEY-PRICE ON BOARD.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IRELAND, it seems, is not yet at the end of her discords and her grievances. Storm-clouds continue to overhang that distressful isle, which one of our own poets, surveying the heritage of English kings, once called—

the lovely and the lonely Bride  
Whom we have wedded but have never won.

At present, indeed, the situation approaches more nearly to divorce, or, at any rate, a legal separation. That tendency to personification, as of some proud and wayward beauty nursing past wrongs and refusing to be comforted, emerges even in the title to a strictly practical and unromantic study of the Irish problem—namely, "IRELAND—DUPE OR HEROINE." By the Earl of Midleton, K.P. Illustrated (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.). The antithesis thus suggested is not explicitly elaborated, and leaves some room for ambiguity, for opinions might differ as to who did the duping. The author indicates his point of view, however, in dedicating "To Irish patriots who deceive themselves and Irish politicians who deceive others . . . this brief record of devoted work by two generations of Englishmen, sadly misinterpreted to a generous people."

Lord Midleton, who, as Mr. St. John Brodrick, held many high Ministerial posts, including that of Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs in Mr. Balfour's Government, became leader of the Southern Irish Unionists after he succeeded to the Peerage in 1907, and since that date has been in close touch with developments in Ireland. At the Irish Convention in 1918, he carried the majority with his party for an all-Ireland settlement, and in this book he explains the irritating obstacles and sinister opposition which prevented that much-desired solution. Later, he was offered the Viceroyalty, but found certain conditions attached to it unacceptable. His experience had thus rendered him singularly well qualified to perform the task laid upon him, almost as a dying injunction, by his old chief, Lord Balfour, of giving to the world a true version of modern Irish history and of British policy, so often falsified. It was a task which the most beneficent and successful of Chief Secretaries for Ireland had intended to undertake himself, had not age and mortal illness stayed his hand. The present volume is the result of that behest, and it contains a worthy record of the great work Lord Balfour did for rural Ireland, after living down the fierce hatred which at first confronted him.

Particularly illuminating in regard to some of the forces that have been at work in Irish politics are the chapters on Ireland and Rome and Ireland and America. "Ireland having won her battle," says Lord Midleton of the present situation, "America, despite her 18,000,000 of Irish-born population, has apparently lost all interest in her fortunes." Things were far otherwise, however, before the Treaty of 1921. Denouncing "the climax of American interference" (in 1918-19), he writes: "What would have been felt if the British Parliament had taken this opportunity to hear and publish to the world a highly-coloured version of the Negro Question in the South, or to organise buccaneering ventures to defeat Prohibition?" He points also to "one great service done gratuitously by Great Britain to America" and constantly ignored—her support of the Monroe Doctrine. Eventually, however, American eyes were opened to the truth about Ireland. Lord Midleton describes a talk he had in 1921 with President Harding, who was puzzled by the internecine strife in the Free State after the Treaty had apparently given the Irish all they wanted. The President finally remarked: "The truth is we have been wrong about the whole question all along."

Coming to the present year, Lord Midleton discusses the question why, in 1932 as in 1921, the overthrow of the old order has not brought peace or contentment. "What," he asks, "is to be the end of this unhappy story? . . . The present rulers of Ireland must decide whether they mean to reject prosperity from immoderate pride of race. One thing is certain. The world is tiring of these eternal shifts and changes. . . . Have not the Irish people, so long-suffering and so scarred by centuries, earned a respite from the prescriptions of warring physicians? Tolerance has grown up between Irishmen of different classes, creeds, and ambitions; need it be replaced by fresh animosities?" These are very pertinent questions, but the author—and in this he is not alone—

is not prepared with an answer. He can only express a pious wish that St. Patrick, who ever strove to reconcile conflicting passions, might return in this year of his 1500th anniversary and "judge between the combatants." Failing St. Patrick, the outlook appears to be left uncertain.

Lord Midleton's book is a brilliant survey of a baffling and complex problem. It has some of the rhetorical qualities of a speech or lecture delivered to a political audience, rather than a comprehensive record for the general public. In so small a compass it was, of course, hardly possible to go into any great detail, and many episodes have had to be treated in an allusive manner, assuming a certain amount of knowledge in the reader. Considering the limits within which he has worked, however, the author has managed to convey a wonderful amount of information in lucid epitome, while revealing much inner history hitherto unrecorded. It is, in fact, a masterpiece of outline.

Oslo, Deputy Judge of the Supreme Court of Norway. With a Foreword by G. M. Gathorne-Hardy (London and Toronto: J. M. Dent; 5s.). Here we have a cogent exposition of the Norwegian case, presented with considerable bitterness against the Danes. Not wishing to be hauled up for "contempt" of the Hague Court, which, I believe, has the matter *sub judice*, I refrain from taking sides, but it may safely be said that there is much in this little book of surprising interest to the English reader, whose ideas about the northern nations are apt to be vague. As the writer of the preface puts it, "Englishmen have for the most part little knowledge of Scandinavian history, and are prone to make little distinction between a Norwegian and a Dane." Perhaps that is because we ourselves are a trifle composite, if it be true, as the poet said, that—

Saxon and Norman and Dane are we.

Probably we are Norwegian as well, for did not some of our Viking ancestors come over the seas from "Norway"?

Nevertheless, there are reasons why we should understand something of this quarrel. We are concerned with Greenland as a field of Arctic exploration (witness Mr. Courtauld's solitary winter in the ice), and also as a future air-route. Furthermore, there is a suggestion that Denmark contemplates selling Greenland to Canada. On the historical side, the book is very informing. Greenland, we learn, was discovered by a Norwegian, Eirik Raude, in 981, and a casual reference to "Eirik's son, Leiv, the discoverer of America," rather takes the wind out of the sails of Christopher Columbus.

Arctic exploration is very much to the fore just now, through the jubilee of the First International Polar Year (August 1882 to August 1883), during which twelve countries sent out fourteen expeditions, twelve to the Arctic and two to the Antarctic. The jubilee is being celebrated, it is reported, by repetition, but this year the Antarctic has had to be neglected on economic grounds, voyages to the South Polar regions being very expensive. An interesting history of journeys towards the opposite Pole comes from a German source, the English version being "THE CALL OF THE NORTH." By H. H. Houben. Translated by H. J. Stenning. Illustrated (Elkin Mathews and Marrot; 15s.). This work has the familiar German characteristic of thoroughness, and traverses the whole ground from the beginning. It may surprise some readers, as it did me, that the story goes back to the fourth century B.C. "The first to undertake a regular voyage of discovery to the North Pole," we read, "was Pytheas of Massilia (Marseilles)," who lived in the time of Alexander the Great. He visited "the British tin islands" and found the country "humid and icy cold." When he arrived at the Shetlands, he believed himself at "the End of the World." In the chapters on modern exploration, it is interesting to find that Professor Houben rehabilitates Dr. Cook and champions him against Peary as the first to reach the North Pole.

The personal experiences of a Dane in the far North are picturesquely recorded in "KLENGENBERG OF THE ARCTIC." An Autobiography. Edited by Tom MacInnes. Illustrated (Cape; 10s. 6d.). Christian Klengenberg, who died last year in Vancouver, began life at fourteen as a sea-cook, and afterwards spent thirty-three years in Alaska and Northern Canada as a trapper, hunter, and trader. He married an Eskimo girl and lived with Eskimos "under almost Stone Age conditions." His account of Eskimo social life, religion, and government (or, rather, absence of government) has therefore a special value, while merely as a narrative of adventure and strenuous open-air life his story has a refreshing and invigorating atmosphere welcome to the jaded townsman.

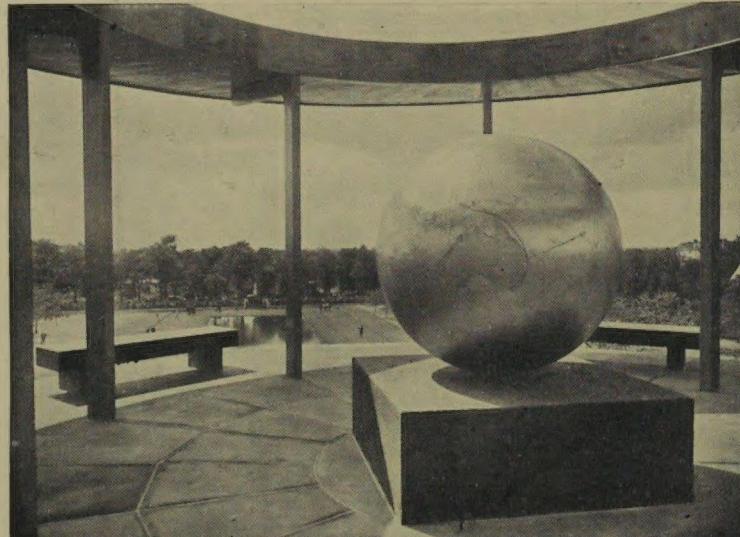
Modern women travellers have, as a rule, sought "the palms and temples of the south" and the warmer regions of the earth. A notable exception presents herself in "ACROSS LAPPLAND." With Sledge and Reindeer. By Olive Murray Chapman, F.R.G.S.

With eight Illustrations in Colour and sixty-two in Black and White, from the author's water-colour drawings and photographs, and a Sketch Map (Lane; 15s.). The writer's object was to study the Lapps under winter conditions, and to obtain a pictorial record of their life and customs, especially of the famous market at Bossekop and the Easter festival at Karasjok, near the border of Northern Finland. The result is a very pleasing picture of a cheerful and amiable people. It is a travel book quite off the beaten track, and, at the same time, an unconscious testimony to the author's courage, enterprise, and perseverance in the face of difficulties, not unmixed with hardship, as well as of her capacity for making friends.

C. E. B.



A MEMORIAL TO A FLYING PIONEER: THE INAUGURATION OF THE LILIENTHAL MONUMENT, BUILT ON THE MOUND FROM WHICH LILIENTHAL MADE HIS GLIDING FLIGHTS.



THE TOP OF THE MOUND FROM WHICH LILIENTHAL MADE HIS GLIDES: THE MONUMENT—A SILVER GLOBE RESTING ON A BASALT BLOCK.

On August 10 a monument to Otto Lilienthal, the German flying pioneer, was inaugurated at East-Lichterfelde, Berlin. The artificial earthwork on which it stands was constructed by Lilienthal for his experiments. Born at Anklam in 1848, Lilienthal turned his attention to the problem of equilibrium, and to this end made careful observations of the flight of birds. Basing construction on these observations, he succeeded in making an aeroplane capable of gliding. He made over 2000 gliding flights in safety, but on August 9, 1896, his machine was upset by a sudden gust, and he was killed. To him belongs the credit of demonstrating the superiority of arched over flat surfaces in aviation.

author gives some particulars of the ruthless warfare conducted in Ireland by the Earl of Essex, and alludes to that motive which even then guided English policy. "Such an important base for Spanish and French operations against England, and for the intrigues of Mary Stuart, could not be allowed to drift into enemy hands." Elizabeth, it is pointed out, regarded the Irish as "savages and rebels, never 'my people,'" and would thankfully have seen Ireland sink beneath the waves.

Another international controversy—this time a foreign affair—is discussed from a partisan standpoint in "GREENLAND." The Dispute between Norway and Denmark. By John Skeie, LL.D., Professor at the University of

## MEDIAEVAL SPORT REVIVED IN ITALY.



THE "JOUST OF THE SARACEN" REVIVED AT AREZZO, ITS NATIVE HOME: A GENERAL PARADE OF THE PARTICIPANTS, CLAD IN MEDIAEVAL COSTUME, IN THE PIAZZA GRANDE.



THE WINNING PAIR IN THE JOUST (THE TWO OUTER HORSEMEN WITH LANCES): THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE SANTO SPIRITO QUARTER OF AREZZO, WHO PROVED VICTORIOUS IN THE CONTEST.



TLTING AT THE SARACEN: A BACK VIEW OF THE FIGURE, WITH A SHIELD ON ITS LEFT ARM, AND ON THE RIGHT ARM THREE HEAVILY-WEIGHTED ROPES THAT DEAL SWINGING BLOWS AT AN ASSAILANT.

This ancient game, the "Joust of the Saracen," was revived in its native city of Arezzo on August 7. It is mentioned by Dante and dates from Crusading times. It was also called the "Game of the Marionette," from the large figure, with a Saracen's head, set up in the chief square. On the left arm it held a shield, while from the right hung three ropes heavily weighted, and it was so made that the slightest touch set it in movement, and the swinging ropes dealt an aggressor nasty blows. Two representatives from each quarter of Arezzo came armed with lances, to try their skill against the Saracen, and he who got in most blows on the shield, while remaining himself untouched, won the joust; but the Saracen had a good sporting chance. Thus the game was played throughout the Renaissance until it died out in the seventeenth century. At the recent revival there was a picturesque procession of jousters and their attendants from the Pieve into the Piazza Grande. The Joust was extremely successful; the Saracen hit out manfully, and the lances were wielded and broken with great skill. The "festa" will be repeated on September 18, and henceforth in every future summer.

## AMANULLAH'S SUCCESSOR KEEPS HIS STATE.

The progressive ruler of Afghanistan, King Nadir Shah, is gradually introducing modern reforms, but, unlike his predecessor, ex-King Amanullah, does not neglect Afghan traditions or proceed too hastily with the process of Westernisation. Recently he decreed the foundation of a national Afghan University in the new city of Darelmann, three miles from Kabul, begun by Amanullah, left unfinished at the time of his downfall, and eventually completed by the present monarch. King Nadir Shah intends to organise an educational system on European lines, and plans to send a mission to Europe, which will pay special attention to education in England and France, and engage professors. The British Minister to Afghanistan, Sir Richard Maconachie, is now on leave, but will return in October. In our middle photograph, beside the King is a nephew who has taken first prize in the primary examination. To the right of the table (from back to front) are the Prime Minister (a brother of the King), the Speaker of the Upper House, and the Minister of Commerce. On the left are the heads of the German and French colleges in Kabul. Standing at the back (third from right) is the Afghan Minister of Education.



THE MOTOR-CAR AS A STATE VEHICLE IN AFGHANISTAN UNDER THE PRESENT PROGRESSIVE RÉGIME: A TYPICAL SIGN OF WESTERNISATION IN A ROYAL PROCESSION THROUGH KABUL.



THE MODERNISING RULER OF AFGHANISTAN INTERESTED IN EDUCATION: KING NADIR SHAH (SEATED AT THE FAR SIDE OF THE TABLE) PRESIDING AT A MEETING HELD TO CONSIDER A NEW UNIVERSITY SCHEME.



COMBINING RESPECT FOR RELIGION AND AFGHAN TRADITIONS WITH GRADUAL REFORMS: KING NADIR SHAH (IN CENTRE OF FRONT ROW OF PROCESSION) SALUTING HIS SUBJECTS ON HIS RETURN FROM A MOSQUE.

## THE "GREAT CHAITYA"; AND A CORPOREAL RELIC OF BUDDHA: DISCOVERIES IN SOUTHERN INDIA.

*By A. H. LONGHURST, Late Superintendent, Archaeological Survey of India, Southern Circle.*

DURING the last three years, the Archaeological Survey of India has been conducting important explorations at Nagarjunakonda, or Nagarjuna's Hill, the name of a large rocky hill 200 acres in extent and overhanging the right bank of the Krishna river in the Guntur District of the Madras Presidency, and about fifteen miles south-west of Mackerla railway station. It is a difficult place to reach, owing to the lack of roads in this part of the Guntur District. Nagarjuna's Hill stands in a red-soil valley surrounded by a ring of rocky hills about nine hundred feet in height, an offshoot of the Nallamalai range belonging to the adjoining Kurnool District. The excavations, carried on with great perseverance in spite of the very trying climatic condition of the valley, have resulted in the discovery of a large number of Buddhist monasteries, tombs, temples, coins, relics and inscriptions; and a magnificent collection of bas-relief sculptures. The number of sacred monuments unearthed, as well as their size and the splendour of their sculptural decoration, clearly indicate that this site must once have been one of the greatest centres of Buddhism in Southern India.

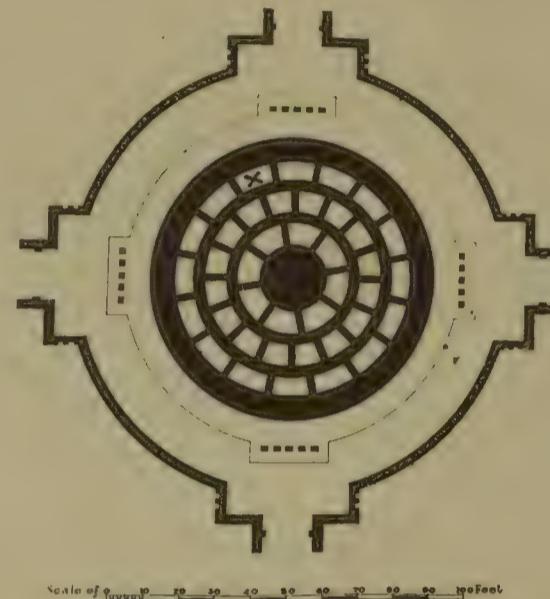
The Prâkrit inscriptions recovered from the ruined buildings at Nagarjunakonda have been deciphered by Dr. J. P. Vogel, Professor of Sanskrit at the University of Leiden, and published in the *Epigraphia Indica*, volume xx, 1931. These old records show that the Audhras were ruling in this part of India in the second and third centuries A.D., and that most of the buildings were erected during that period by certain queens and princesses belonging to the royal house of Ikkhâku. All these edifices are built of large bricks covered with plaster, but in the decoration of some of the stupas or tombs, abundant use is made of richly carved slabs of white limestone, similar to those recovered from the Amarâvati Stupa some years ago and now exhibited in the British and Madras Museums respectively. The largest and most important stupa discovered at Nagarjunakonda is called in the inscriptions the "Great Chaitya of the Buddha," clearly indicating that the relic which I recovered from this great tomb was regarded as a *dhatu*, or corporeal remains of the Buddha, by those who erected the monument. The Great Stupa, now in ruins, must have been a building of primitive type and simple in its decoration—(Figs. 6 and 7). It was a massive hemispherical structure built of brick and covered with plaster from top to bottom, and supported by a drum or

plinth, five feet high and 106 feet in diameter. On plan, it is built in the form of a great wheel with hub, spokes and tyre complete, all executed in brick, the open spaces between the radiating walls forming the spokes, being filled in with earth after the relic had been deposited in the shrine chamber, when the brick dome or casing was built over the edifice (Fig. 1). The upper portion of the dome has disappeared, but when entire the structure could not have been less than 60 feet in height (Fig. 7).

structure, like those of the Mauryan period, four smaller stupas, about 40 feet in diameter, were discovered, and these were faced with richly carved bas-reliefs similar in style and execution to those recovered from Amarâvati. The scenes portrayed in these sculptures mostly illustrate episodes from the life of the Buddha, such as his birth, the great renunciation, his first sermon, and his death, the latter usually being represented by a stupa surrounded by worshippers both human and divine (Figs. 2 and 3).

The other bas-reliefs illustrated here are typical specimens selected from a large collection of splendid sculptures numbering some five hundred pieces, and which at present are stored in an open enclosure which I had made on the spot to protect them until the Government of India decide what steps are to be taken regarding their future preservation.

The scene depicted in Fig. 8 represents the "Nativity." Here we see Queen Mayâ standing under the Sâlâ tree in the Lumbini garden where the miraculous birth is said to have taken place. The infant prince is represented by a royal umbrella and two fly-whisks. On the right, the guardians of the four quarters are shown holding a long cloth, on which are seven tiny foot-prints, to indicate the "Seven Steps" which, we are told, the infant made immediately after birth. From the place of his birth the child was taken to Kapilavastu, where his father, Sudhôdana, resided as chief of the Sâkyâ clan. Outside the town was a Brahmanical temple containing a stone image of the deity and it was the custom of the Sâkyas to take their children to this shrine to receive the god's blessing and protection from harm. Accordingly, the infant prince was taken there, and when the nurse carrying the child in her arms entered the temple, the stone image came to life, and, standing up with clasped hands, bowed to the child, in whom he recognised the future Buddha. It is this incident which is depicted on the left in Fig. 9; while, on the right, the infant is shown in the arms of Asita, a famous old seer, who came from afar to King Sudhôdana so that he might see the future Buddha before he, Asita, died. In both scenes the infant is represented by a tiny pair of foot-prints on a long cloth. One of the most popular incidents depicted in these old bas-reliefs is the "First Sermon," which took place in the Deer Park near Benares, the locality being indicated by two deer reclining at the foot of the Buddha's throne.



I. A PLAN OF THE GREAT STUPA AT NAGARJUNAKONDA, WHICH DATES FROM ABOUT THE THIRD CENTURY A.D.: A STRUCTURE IN THE FORM OF A GREAT WHEEL; WITH A CROSS MARKING THE PLACE WHERE THE BUDDHIST RELICS WERE FOUND.

A procession path, 13 feet wide, encircled the base of the stupa. Access to the sacred enclosure was gained by four gateways facing the cardinal points. Brick foundations mark the site of the railings and gateways, but no stone remains were found, so we may conclude that they were constructed of carved wood and stood on brick foundations to protect them from decay. The top of the high plinth is provided with a terrace, 7 feet wide, encircling the base of the dome. On each of the four sides opposite the gateways, the terrace projects so as to form a rectangular altar-like platform (Fig. 7). Each of these platforms supports a group of five lofty limestone pillars which, in the inscriptions, are called *âyaka-pillars*. Out of twenty pillars only two were found standing erect, but the broken bases of the others remain to mark their former positions. All the fallen pillars were recovered from the débris at the foot of the monument. It is on the bases of these *âyaka-pillars* that the extensive Prâkrit inscriptions referred to above are found, recording that the pillars were dedicated to the stupa by various Audhra queens and princesses of the royal house of Ikkhâku in the third century A.D., or thereabouts.

After a month's search among the numerous little chambers in the stupa, I succeeded in finding the relic on the floor of one situated next to the outer retaining wall on the north side (Fig. 1). It consisted of a tiny bit of bone in a round gold box three-quarters of an inch in diameter, which again was contained in a little silver casket shaped like a miniature stupa, two-and-a-half inches in height, together with a few gold flowers, pearls, garnets and white crystal beads (Fig. 5). The silver casket had been placed inside an ordinary earthenware pot similar to those still in use, and was filled with earth. This pot and the silver relic-casket were found broken and crushed, the one illustrated in Fig. 5 being a replica of the original.

The general plan of the Great Stupa of Nagarjunakonda closely agrees with that of the Great Stupa of Amarâvati. The former monument, however, lacks the rich sculptural decoration by which the Amarâvati stupa had become famous. With the exception of the *âyaka-pillars*, no stone was used in its construction, and the pillars, in all probability, were added long after the original edifice was built, as was done at Sâncî, Sarnâth and Amarâvati. All of the great stupas at these three famous sites were enlarged and added to in later times. But although the Great Stupa of Nagarjunakonda was a plain brick and plaster



2. A FINE BAS-RELIEF DISCOVERED AT NAGARJUNAKONDA: A LARGE SCULPTURED SLAB REPRESENTING A BUDDHIST STUPA OR TOMB, AND CARVED IN THE AMARAVATI STYLE OF THE THIRD CENTURY A.D.

The scenes portrayed in the sculptures mostly illustrate episodes from the life of the Buddha. The two shown on this page represent his death, which is symbolised by a stupa surrounded by worshippers both human and divine.



3. SIMILAR IN STYLE AND EXECUTION TO THOSE RECOVERED AT THE FAMOUS SITE AT AMARAVATI: A RICHLY CARVED SLAB OF WHITE LIMESTONE DISCOVERED AT NAGARJUNAKONDA.

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# A VAST SHRINE TO HOUSE A TINY BONE: STUPAS AT NAGARJUNAKONDA.

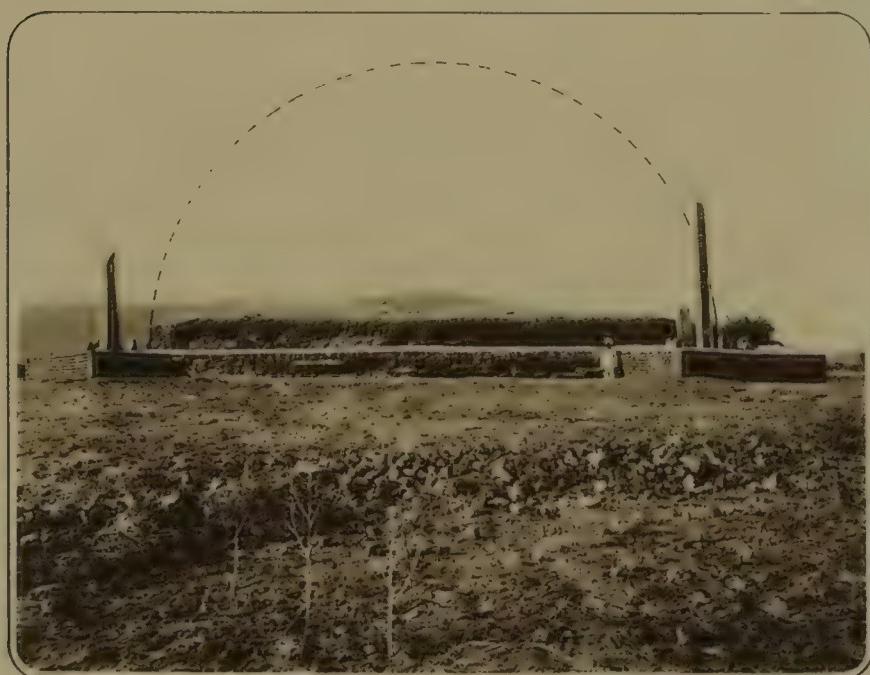
THE COPYRIGHT OF THE PHOTOGRAPHS IS RESERVED BY THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL SURVEY OF INDIA.



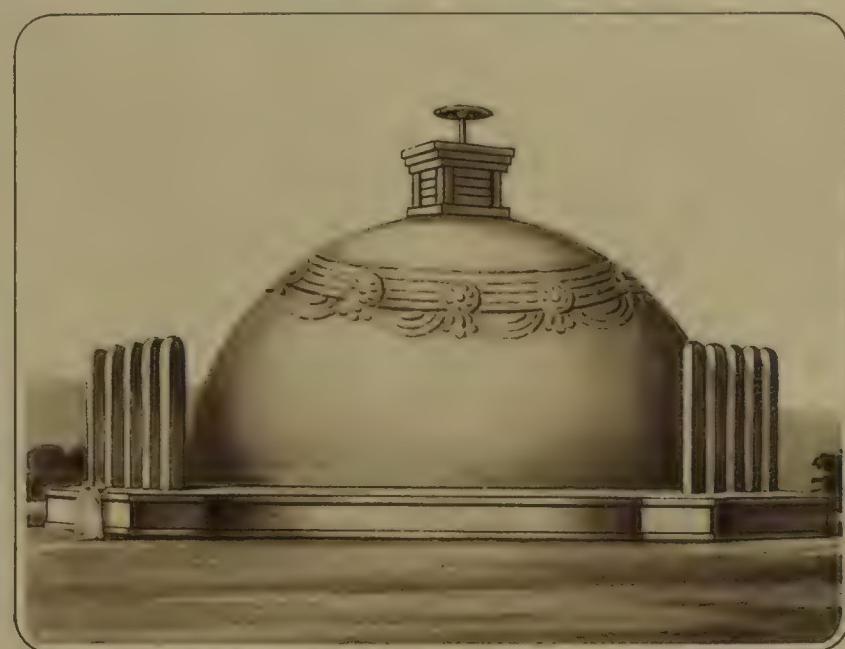
4. THE BUDDHA RELICS AS THEY APPEARED WHEN FIRST FOUND, BURIED IN A BROKEN EARTHENWARE POT: THE ROUND GOLD BOX WHICH CONTAINED THE BIT OF BONE (NEAR THE TOP); AND CRYSTAL BEADS.



5. THE BUDDHA RELICS AFTER THEY HAD BEEN EXTRACTED AND CLEANED: (1) THE BONE RELIC; (2) THE GOLD BOX WHICH CONTAINED IT; AND (3) A REPLICA OF THE LITTLE SILVER CASKET WHICH CONTAINED THE GOLD BOX.



6. THE GREAT STUPA AT NAGARJUNAKONDA AFTER EXCAVATION (A DOTTED LINE INDICATING ITS ORIGINAL HEIGHT): A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE SUPPORTING PLINTH, FIVE FEET HIGH; AND THE TWO LIMESTONE PILLARS WHICH REMAIN ERECT.



7. A RESTORATION OF THE GREAT STUPA: "A MASSIVE HEMISpherical STRUCTURE BUILT OF BRICK AND COVERED WITH PLASTER FROM TOP TO BOTTOM," ERECTED TO CONTAIN A GENUINE CORPOREAL RELIC OF THE BUDDHA.



8. "THE INFANT PRINCE REPRESENTED BY A ROYAL UMBRELLA AND TWO FLY-WHISKs" (TOP CENTRE); AND (RIGHT) "A LONG CLOTH ON WHICH ARE SEVEN TINY FOOTPRINTS, WHICH THE INFANT MADE IMMEDIATELY AFTER BIRTH": A BAS-RELIEF OF THE BUDDHA'S NATIVITY FROM AN ADJACENT STUPA.

In an article of great interest on the opposite page, Mr. A. H. Longhurst describes the discoveries he made at Nagarjunakonda, in the Madras Presidency, where the Archaeological Survey of India has been conducting important explorations during the last three years. In the largest of the stupas discovered at Nagarjunakonda, which must once have been one of the greatest centres of Buddhism in Southern India, Mr. Longhurst found, after a month's search, the sacred relic—a tiny bit of bone—which the massive structure was erected to contain. The Great Stupa itself was a building of primitive type and simple in its decoration, lacking the rich sculptural adornment by which its neighbour,



9. ONE OF THE FINE BAS-RELIEFS FROM A SMALLER STUPA AT NAGARJUNAKONDA: THE INFANT BUDDHA, REPRESENTED BY TWO FOOTPRINTS ON A CLOTH (LEFT), VISITING THE TEMPLE IN THE ARMS OF HIS NURSE; AND (RIGHT) BEING SHOWN TO THE OLD SEER, ASITA.

the Amarāvati Stupa, has become famous. Four smaller stupas, however, were discovered at Nagarjunakonda, and "these were faced with richly-carved bas-reliefs similar in style and execution to those recovered from Amarāvati." It is these bas-reliefs which we illustrate in Figs. 2, 3, 8, and 9. "The scene depicted in Fig. 8 represents the 'Nativity.' Here we see Queen Māyā standing under the Sālā tree in the Lumbini garden, where the miraculous birth is said to have taken place. The infant prince is represented by a royal umbrella and two fly-whisks. On the right, the guardians of the four quarters are shown holding a long cloth on which are seven tiny footprints. . . ."

# The World of the Theatre.

## YOUTH'S GAY ADVENTURE: ROUND THE THEATRES.

AUGUST is the schoolboys' month. Released from the disciplines of term-time, the glee-lads and lasses swarm home in a noisy pack, upsetting the apple-carts of the middle-aged and starting the familiar hare on platform, in correspondence columns, and from the sanctities of club-room arm-chairs, that modern youth "is going to pot." When Mr. Shaw wrote "Every man over forty is a scoundrel," he hit a truth that is only formally false for the epigram's sake, for it is an insulting assumption that wisdom is the prerogative of age. Time and the crassness of existence sours as often as it mellows, callousing the sympathies and blunting the sensibilities. Youth refuses to be incarcerated in the stocks of Age. It laughs at prudences, spending its capital recklessly, doing many things and nothing long. It forms its own opinions, expresses them irreverently, and applauds itself. Though an iconoclast, it is a defender of its own confident faith that, given the chance, it could create a new and better world. Disillusion comes soon enough—too soon, in this world of humdrum and soulless fact—for the Hill of Achievement is but a mound beside the Mount of Vision; then there is naught left but frantic laughter and the sighs of despair. Are not the credits of hope and health which the young possess worth far more than the bank balances of their elders? Youth is the season of adventure. It is the time to "circumnavigate the metaphysics," to debate the silly ideas of your fathers, to pull in an eight, play tennis or cricket in flannels and blazer, to go hiking in shorts, or scouring in a sports two-seater, and then fox-trot to a jazz-band till the small hours; to prefer musical comedy, music-hall variety, saucy entertainment and farce, and to be utterly indifferent to carpet slippers and economic depressions. Did not Shakespeare sing: "Youth's a stuff will not endure," and it is that thought which runs Ariadne-like through the web of his joyous comedy "Twelfth Night," so admirably done

variety, but its amusement is so dexterously scattered that we are kept in good spirits. Miss Lilian Braithwaite, as the retired actress, enriches her part with humorous criticism, and now Mr. Novello, taking up Mr. Sebastian Shaw's rôle of baronet, contributes in performance to his lively and clever piece. To fill an evening with good humour, to infect us with the happy-go-lucky cheerfulness which belongs to the party spirit, is his purpose and he succeeds. "Tell Her the Truth," at the Saville, eschews the melodramatic interests and boldly tumbles into farce. Mr. Montgomery's comedy is tricked out with catchy tunes and Bobby Howes is given his head in a sequence of comic situations, each more diverting than the other. There is nothing else to

Hicks, pursues the "Gay Adventure" along the path of nonsense and good humour. It is this radiant dowry of personality that thaws with its engaging friendliness which makes "The Cat and the Fiddle," at the Palace, so enjoyable a piece. Not only is the music sparkling, and the settings pictorially attractive, but the artistry of Miss Peggy Wood and Mr. Francis Lederer, and the irresistible gaiety of Miss Alice Delysia, who lead a team of excellent players, charm the hours away with accomplished grace. Romance, when music and story interweave, and beauty throws its spell of youthful fascination, can shed its lustre of enchantment, as those who see Miss Anny Alfers as the "Dubarry," at His Majesty's, know. What matter though this be not the figure of history, since it is so persuasively captivating! At the St. Martin's, in "The Pride of the Regiment," history is felicitously burlesqued, romance is pilloried with witty lyrics, and Mr. Walter Leigh's tunes ripple with exuberance. It conquers by its irrepressible spirits.

Surely one reason among many for the sudden success of non-stop variety entertainments is that it is seasonable, and youngsters of all ages on holiday enjoy the breezy atmosphere they cultivate. The new show at the Leicester Square Theatre is the best yet, and its score of turns, with bands and ballets, singers, comedians, and farceurs, acrobatic dancers, and spectacular sets, revolve from noon till midnight in a whirlwind of energy. Audiences come and go but the revelry goes on, and the wonder is the fun remains tireless. The new farce at the Shaftesbury is happily timed to fit the season. This time Mr. Ian Hay has found a new collaborator in Mr. Anthony Armstrong, and at the Shaftesbury the roistering humours of the Navy give way for the farcical exploits of the Army. "Orders are Orders" is riotously funny. Since Waggenermeyer cannot film the Cathedral, because of the Dean—and it must be 100 per cent. British—



THE LATE MR. RONALD MACKENZIE: AUTHOR OF "MUSICAL CHAIRS," AT THE CRITERION.

Mr. Ronald Mackenzie, the young English playwright whose brilliant "Musical Chairs" is enjoying a most successful run at the Criterion Theatre, was killed in a motor accident at Beauvais, in France, on August 12. Before becoming a playwright, Mr. Mackenzie had been a lumberman, a stage hand, and a stage manager.



MR. PHILLIP LEAVER: AUTHOR OF "TO-MORROW WILL BE FRIDAY," AND "THE WAY TO THE STARS."

The first night of "To-morrow Will Be Friday" has been arranged for August 23, at the Haymarket, when Miss Marie Tempest is to take one of the leading parts. "The Way to the Stars," it is understood, will be produced at Wyndham's early in September. Mr. Leaver's stage name is Phillip Brandon.



MR. JOHN VAN DRUTEN: AUTHOR OF "BEHOLD, WE LIVE," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.



MR. IVOR NOVELLO: AUTHOR OF "PARTY," AT THE STRAND THEATRE.



MR. NOEL COWARD: AUTHOR OF "CAVALCADE," AT DRURY LANE.



MR. J. B. PRIESTLEY: AUTHOR OF "DANGEROUS CORNER," AT THE LYRIC.



MR. IAN HAY: CO-AUTHOR OF "ORDERS ARE ORDERS," AT THE SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.

at the New, touching it to loveliness. And is it not the tragedy of a lost youth and of a fame withered by the winter of years that is the burden of Edward Knoblock and Beverley Nichols's "Evensong," in which Miss Edith Evans triumphs as Irela at the Queen's. Let Old Mortality remember that all this spendthrift energy and care-free abandon is a sign of health. Youth heeds no audit of the clock. Direct its enthusiasms in the service of an ideal, and how unselfishly it responds! Here lies the substance of the pathos and drama of "Cavalcade," which has already passed its 350th performance at Drury Lane. This is a young man's moving vision of the events of a lifetime, and there is nothing of jingoism to sully Noel Coward's sentiment.

What is it that gives "Musical Chairs," at the Criterion, its distinction? Such freshness of approach, such poignancy of motive, such bitter comment and such aching laughter could only come from sensitive youth. Mr. Ronald Mackenzie was young enough to have felt the beauty and the wonder, the music and poetry, and artist enough to make us look on his débris of illusions. His actors, sharing his youth, have shared his inspiration, so that none can watch this play without apprehending its quality. Youth can be serious in the good French sense of that word; but it is intolerant of solemnities. The theatrical "Party" which Ivor Novello holds on the stage of the Strand may have little value as a play, but it glitters as entertainment. It is so formless that it might run continuously, like non-stop

then he will film the barracks. How Miss Adèle Dixon and Miss Olive Blakeney captivate the Adjutant, Mr. Basil Foster, and the Colonel, Mr. Clive Currie, and how the regimental gymnasium, with the two willing privates assisting (Mr. Ernest Jay and Mr. Reginald Bach are irrepressible), becomes a film studio, and then the situation when the Major-General appears—all this incongruity of character and situation is the powder of the farce and it explodes in a fusillade of laughter.

We reach a "Dangerous Corner," to quote the title of Mr. Priestley's interesting play, at the Lyric, if we search for an answer to this epidemic of irresponsibility. It is true the middle-aged cannot forever look at their deed-boxes and that youth cannot forever be content with having what is called "a good time." Mr. Shaw, at Malvern, in "Too True to be Good," has pointed out the bankruptcy of present existence. The old proofs, the old dogmas, the old moralities, the old texts serve no longer. But how shall man support himself and where shall he draw spiritual sustenance? Mr. Shaw finds no answer—indeed, he clouds vision with wordy speech, and dissipates the drama of a great theme with the assaults of cheap jest and unworthy farce. Life's Merry-Go-Round churns up clouds of dust, blotting out the horizon. The drama inherent in the questions Mr. Shaw propounds, had it been evoked by a passionate singleness of aim, would have stirred each to perceive the directing light, but there can be no spiritual awakening to cap and bells.

G. F. H.

### AUTHORS OF THE CHIEF PLAYS OF 1932: PLAYWRIGHTS OF THE YEAR.

do but laugh, and, as Elia said, if you cannot relax "I shall suspect your taste in higher matters"—and Lamb was always a schoolboy.

The capacity to shake off the barnacles of worry with flippancies and frivolities is one of the assets of youth, and Mr. Anthony Kimmins in his *risqué* and risible comedy, "While Parents Sleep," at the Royalty, finds in the plural passions the *milieu* of laughter. And, at the Whitehall, Miss Marion Lorne, aided and abetted by Mr. Seymour

## THE OCTOCENTENARY OF OUR GREATEST MONASTIC RUIN: FOUNTAINS ABBEY RITES.



"THE MOST IMPORTANT MONASTIC RUIN IN GREAT BRITAIN" AND "PROBABLY WITHOUT A PARALLEL IN EUROPE": (LEFT) FOUNTAINS ABBEY BY DAY; (RIGHT) THE ABBEY FLOOD-LIT AT NIGHT—SHOWING THE GREAT TOWER (170 FT. HIGH).

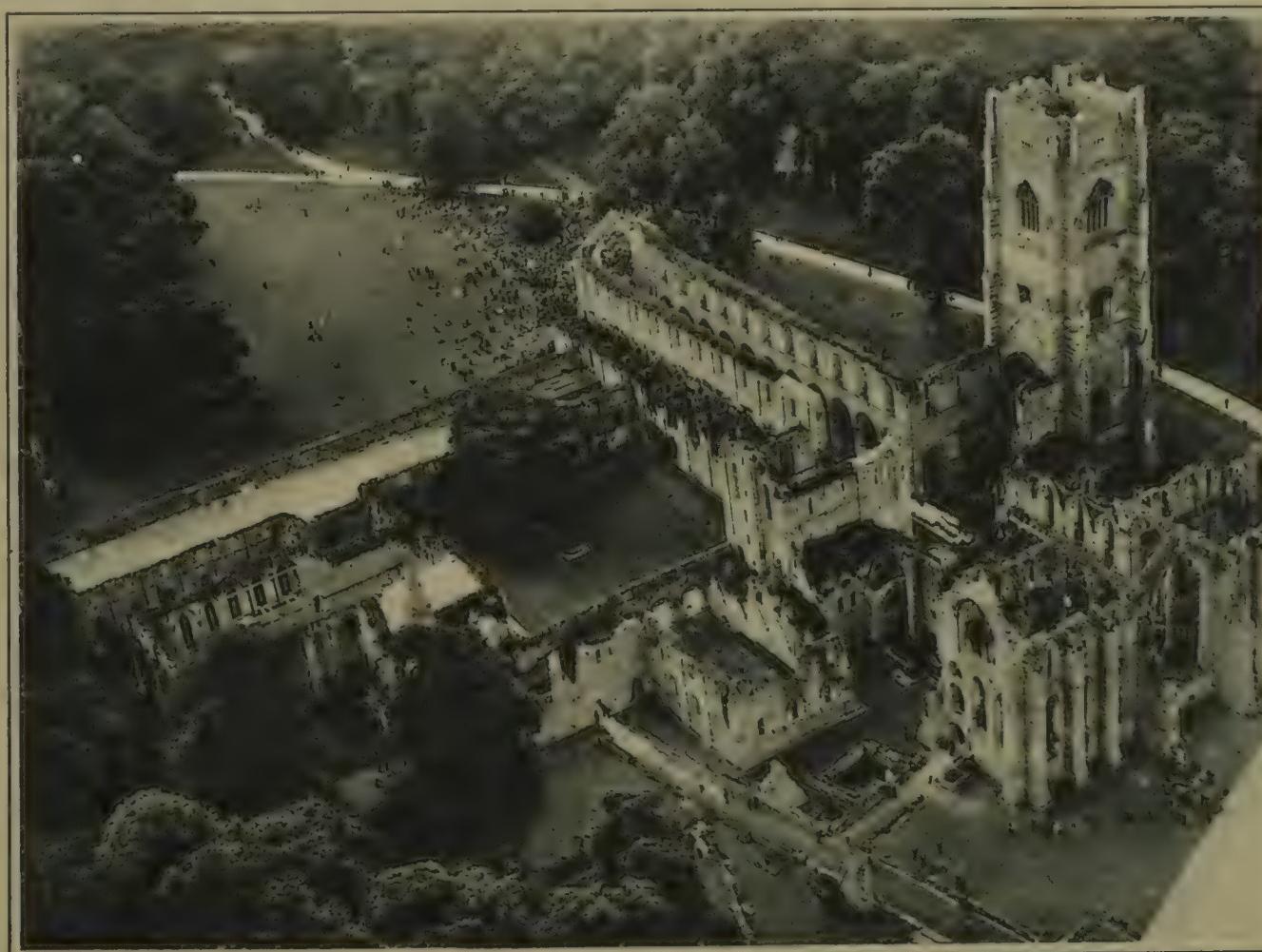


COMMORATING THE 800TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDING OF FOUNTAINS ABBEY IN 1132: A UNITED ANGLICAN AND NONCONFORMIST CEREMONY IN THE ROOFLESS NAVE, SHOWING THE TEMPORARY PULPIT.



ROYAL VISITORS AT THE FOUNTAINS ABBEY CELEBRATIONS: THE DUCHESS OF YORK (IN THE FOREGROUND) FOLLOWED BY THE DUKE OF YORK (NEXT TO THE RIGHT) ARRIVING.

THE 800th anniversary of the foundation of Fountains Abbey, at Studley Royal, Yorkshire, was commemorated on Sunday, August 14, by a special service held in the roofless nave, and attended by the Duke and Duchess of York. A simple altar had been erected for the occasion, and the Bishop of Ripon delivered an address from a temporary wooden pulpit (seen in one of our photographs), and prayers were offered by Presbyterian, Wesleyan, Baptist, and Congregational Ministers. "The real heroes of this celebration," said the Bishop, "were not the great Abbots who made Fountains magnificent and wealthy, and in so doing sowed the seeds of its decay and fall. They were the twelve brave monks of St. Mary's Abbey at York, who, in 1132, left the comfort and dignity of a life which to their awakened consciences had come to seem religious only in name, that in complete poverty and seclusion they might live more wholly to the glory of God." The Bishop compared the fate of the monastery (dissolved in 1539) with the crumbling of modern civilisation through reliance on material things. Tracing its history, Dr. Charles H. Moody declared recently: "Fountains Abbey is not only the most important monastic ruin in Great Britain; it is probably without a parallel in Europe." Building began about 1135, and the nave and transepts were completed in fifteen years. Abbot Huby (1494–1526) built the great tower, the loftiest Cistercian tower in England.



FOUNTAINS ABBEY AS IT APPEARED FROM THE AIR DURING THE COMMEMORATION OF ITS 800TH ANNIVERSARY: THE MOST PICTURESQUE AND EXTENSIVE OF ENGLISH RUINED MONASTERIES SEEN AS A WHOLE FROM AN UNUSUAL POINT OF VIEW—SHOWING THE CHOIR AT THE END OF THE NAVE NEAR THE BASE OF THE GREAT TOWER.



THE "WINTER CITY" AT GHARDAIA, A CENTRE WHICH IS DESERTED DURING THE GREAT HEAT OF SUMMER; A VIEW OF THE QUARTERS TO WHICH THE ENTIRE POPULATION MOVES IN WINTER, TO SECURE THE UTTERMOST SUN.

## IN TWO-CITYED GHARDAIA: OF THE SAHARA SEEKING



LIFE IN THE "WINTER CITY" AT GHARDAIA: MEN IN THE MARKET-PLACE ENJOYING THE SUN FROM WHICH THEY FLEE IN SUMMER, MOVING TO A SPECIALLY BUILT CITY TO SHELTER FROM ITS RAYS.

probability they were driven there to escape the persecution of the Arabs, from whom they differ in religion and race. The inhabitants of Ghardaia come of a Moorsian stock, which is known as the Abbadites; and it has been suggested, plausibly enough, that they are descended from ancient Carthaginian stock. In support of this stand the peculiar triangular decoration of the houses in Ghardaia, the pictures of fish, of the crescent moon, of the sun and the stars, none of which are Arab, and, further, as is suggested on this page, the shape of the houses themselves, which may

[Continued opposite.]

A CORNER OF THE "SUMMER CITY" AT GHARDAIA, SO COOLLY CONSTRUCTED AS TO SECURE THE MAXIMUM OF SHADE FROM THE BURNING SUMMER SUN OF THE SAHARA. A HOUSE THAT IS DESERTED THROUGHOUT THE WINTER.



GHARDAIA AFTER A FALL OF RAIN—which happens about once in four or five years: A GRACIOUS WATERSIDE SCENE AFTER AN EVENT THAT IS WORTH UNTOLD MILLIONS TO THE INHABITANTS.



GHARDAIA'S WORST ENEMY AND STRONGEST DEFENCE: A PHOTOGRAPHIC IMPRESSION OF THE GRIM DESERT, TO WHICH THE ORIGINAL INHABITANTS FLED TO ESCAPE ARAB PERSECUTION, SOME NINE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

"... A land of death, where all is as though it had been burned by fire for a thousand years. . . . The rocks and sand are an unrelieved stretch of grey and tan. It is more arid than the desert itself, and bears the name, 'the desert within the desert.' " Such, in the words of Fletcher Allen, in his book on Algeria, is the country that the Moors chose as the site for their curious towns—one of which, Ghardaia, is illustrated here. Why are these people living in the desolation of the Sahara, on no natural highway, save in the one centre—where all the water comes from wells dug by the inhabitants, where it rains about once every five years? The answer is that they all [Continued above.]



AN OUTPOST LINE AGAINST THE SHIFTING SANDS THAT ENCIRCLE GHARDAIA: HOW THE LABORIOUSLY IRRIGATED ORCHARDS AND PALM GROVES OF THE "SUMMER CITY" ARE UNCEASINGLY THREATENED BY THE DESERT.

## THE MYSTERIOUS MOZABITES BOTH SUN AND SHADE.



THE "SUMMER CITY" IN THE SHADOW OF THE OASIS, AT GHARDAIA: A VIEW OF THE PALM-SHELTERED QUARTERS TO WHICH THE ENTIRE POPULATION MIGRATES ANNUALLY BEFORE THE HEAT OF THE SAHARAN SUMMER.



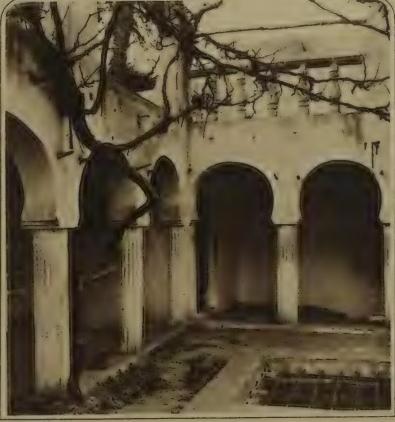
WHERE TREES TAKE PREDENCE OVER HOUSES AS OCCUPIERS OF THE PRECIOUS OASIS GROUND: A PALM GROWING THROUGH A SPECIAL HOLE IN THE ROOF OF A HOUSE AT GHARDAIA.



WHERE A LIVE PALM-TREE IS THE "HONoured GUEST" IN THE DRAWING-ROOM!—THE UPPER STOREY OF THE CENTRAL COURT, OR ATRIUM, OF A HOUSE IN GHARDAIA; WITH A PALM SPRINGING THROUGH THE ROOF.



THE SHADY INTERIOR OF A HOUSE IN THE "SUMMER CITY" AT GHARDAIA: A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PILARED UPPER STOREY OF THE RECTANGULAR COURT, WHICH CLOSELY RESEMBLES THE ATRIUM OF A TYPICAL ROMAN HOUSE.



THE INTERIOR OF A HOUSE IN GHARDAIA: A RECTANGULAR ARCHED CENTRAL COURT OF TWO STOREYS—RESEMBLING THE ATRIUM OF A TYPICAL ROMAN HOUSE, FROM WHICH, POSSIBLY, IT IS DERIVED.

EVERY ORCHARD A WATERWORKS IN THE "SUMMER CITY"—TROUGH AND DAMS WHICH BRING THE PRECIOUS FLUID, DRAWN FROM DEPTHS OF SEVERAL HUNDRED FEET, TO THE ROOTS OF EACH INDIVIDUAL PALM-TREE.



"THIS BLESSED PLOT, THIS EARTH, THIS REALM, THIS ENGLAND."

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY ARMAND CONSOLE.

## THE PROBLEM FROM EVENING STAR



VENUS AS SHE APPEARS WHEN BETWEEN THE EARTH AND THE SUN—HER ATMOSPHERIC LAYER ALONE VISIBLE: A DRAWING BY M. LUCIEN RUDAUX FROM OBSERVATIONS MADE ON JUNE 29 OF THIS YEAR.

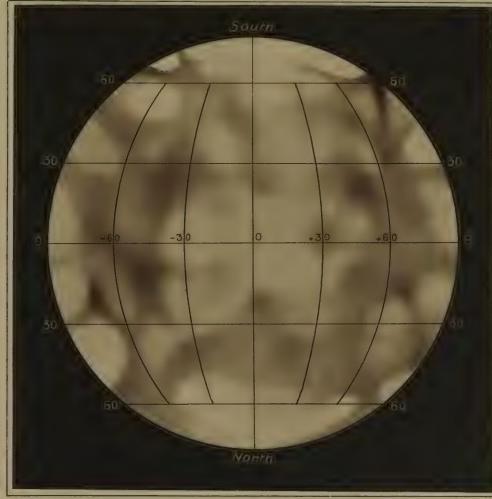
I HAVE recently written in these pages of the planet Venus, whose splendid brilliance, at certain times, like last spring, can light up the earth to such an extent that we might compare her to a small moon. Photographs taken by her light alone give us ample cause to appreciate that fact. The beautiful planet disappeared from the evening sky during the month of June. She is now once more visible, but on the other side of the sun, whom she precedes in the morning sky at his rising. Venus was lost to view for some time, because, on June 29, she passed between the earth and the sun, to which she was then so close as to vanish altogether in his radiance. Furthermore, during this period, she presents the non-lighted part of her globe, which turns more towards the earth, and only allows us to perceive her atmosphere, which is extremely slender as a thread, progressively diminishing in width until passing in the line of the sun, a moment when the face is entirely turned towards us. Therefore, during that short period the planet becomes practically invisible to the human eye, but without ceasing to be distinguishable to observers. However, opportunities of observing Venus under these conditions—that is to say, at the exact moment when, placed between the sun and us, she offers a very special aspect—are of fairly rare occurrence. In the first place, such a circumstance, resulting from the relative motion of the respective movements, only recurs every 584 days; and it must so happen that on that particular day the sky should be perfectly clear. Strangely enough, this year, at the time of the indemnity of the weather, the conditions turned out to be favourable. At the

(Continued in Box 3.)



A MIDSUMMER PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE UPPER REGIONS OF THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE LIT BY THE SUN: TWILIGHT AT 11.0 P.M. AT THE END OF JUNE—ON THE HORIZON.

## OF VENUS: TO MORNING STAR.



ACHIEVED BY PIECING TOGETHER OF NUMEROUS DETAILS SEPARATELY DISCOVERED THROUGH THE PLANET'S ATMOSPHERE: A RECONSTRUCTION OF THE CONFIGURATIONS ON THE SURFACE OF VENUS OF THAT HALF OF THE GLOBE WHICH IS LIT UP BY THE SUN.

observatory of Donville I was therefore able to perceive Venus passing, on June 29, between the sun and earth, so that occasion she appeared to me under the usual aspect of a small moon, but like a glistening ring of varying intensity outlining the globe, which—it may have been illusion or reality—seemed to be slightly darker than the surrounding space. That ring was due to the atmospheric layer around the planet, which refracts and diffuses the light of the sun beyond. In the direction of the sun, beneath which—as the result of the inclination of its orbit—Venus was passing, an extremely slender crescent was still to be seen, intensifying the brilliance of the celestial ring. If we now wish to form an exact idea as to the cause of that

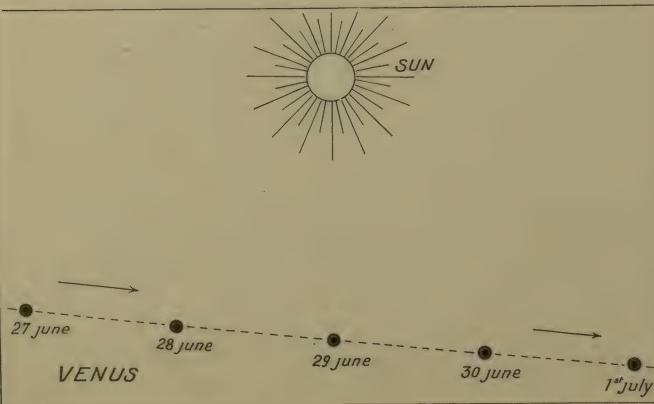
(Continued in Box 3.)

disappearance, we must consider what happens after sunset or before sunrise in the earth's atmosphere, in which the latter region, though we are in the dark, is lit up by the sun and determines the great sequence of twilight and dawn. In that respect it is of interest to compare the photograph reproduced here with the haze visible around our neighbour; and the relative intensity of the latter may be the more easily understood, for Venus, who is much closer than we are to the sun, receives nearly double the light from it. The fact that the atmosphere of Venus may be seen in this way shows it to be of an importance comparable at least to our own. Let us now add that it plays a considerable part in the appearances that the planet offers to

(Continued in Box 3.)

investigation, and, indeed, that it is the despair of observers. At first sight the telescopic image of Venus seems to be of a uniform whiteness, and only a very prolonged examination permits us to discover grey patches in it, and also spots whiter than the rest: the whole very confused, indefinite, and varying from one period to another. Also, the representations made of the planet's appearance do not agree, as a rule, any more than do the estimates of its rotation. Some are of the opinion that it revolves, like the earth, in about 24 hours or a few days; while others follow Schiaparelli in his theory that it rotates in about 220 days, the same amount of time as the revolution round the orbit; so, in that case Venus would always turn the same side to the sun, and we should only be able to study, in the course of the different phases, the one half of its globe that is illuminated. Between these two extremes it seems difficult to admit a middle term! We must therefore try to find an explanation of these contradictions. We might find it, it seems, by admitting that the recognised aspects correspond with the simultaneity of two phenomena of a different order. At least that is what would appear from the comparisons of the observations that I have been able to carry out since 1932 up to the present day: here, naturally, I can only give a brief summing up of them. The comparison of drawings taken in the course of that long period reveals, on the one hand, the presence of certain fixed points unequally visible from one period to another, but always recognisable in the same places when they can be distinguished. When they

(Continued in Box 3.)



ILLUSTRATING AN EVENT WHICH OCCURS ONLY ONCE IN 584 DAYS: A DIAGRAM SHOWING THE SUCCESSIVE APPARENT POSITIONS OF VENUS IN RELATION TO THE SUN AT HER RECENT PASSAGE BETWEEN IT AND THE EARTH.

27 June  
28 June  
29 June  
30 June  
1<sup>st</sup> July

VENUS



TELESCOPIC ASPECTS OF VENUS: DRAWINGS SHOWING THE FIXED SPOTS ON THE SURFACE, MODIFIED IN SHAPE BY THE OVERLYING ATMOSPHERIC VEILS, WHICH CONSTANTLY CHANGE THEIR SIZE AND POSITION.

ARTICLE, PHOTOGRAPH, AND DRAWINGS BY M. LUCIEN RUDAUX.

# BEHIND THE VEIL.

*BEING AN APPRECIATION OF  
"THEIR SECRET PURPOSES." By HECTOR C. BYWATER.\**

(PUBLISHED BY CONSTABLE.)

THE Great War was full of things which were "stranger than fiction," but their strangeness, while it has caused much effusion of ink, has not always proved very tractable material. Too often there has been a tendency to paint the lily, and an added, gratuitous touch of sensationalism has impaired verisimilitude. The merit of Mr. Bywater's book—a merit displayed not for the first time—is that it preserves restraint, and so carries conviction. It is written not only with clarity but with expert knowledge, the more authoritative because it is unpretentious. The style, without being distinguished, is easy and correct—a quality too seldom encountered in books of this kind. Sound, exciting narrative is mingled with versatile information, and the happy consequence is that interest never relaxes. The book is divided into short chapters, each of which has some outstanding episode as its centre; but everywhere we have, as well as the main beam, interesting sidelights on the war and its more mysterious activities. On naval matters Mr. Bywater is most at home, and here he gives freely from a rich store of material and research. He writes, for example, with special authority, and in language intelligible to the layman, on the fascinating marvels of naval gunnery and fire-control. Germany, we learn, still possesses a secret of fire-control which other nations would give much to penetrate. A vivid account, conjectural but highly plausible, is given of the dreadful fate of the *Black Prince* at the Battle of Jutland. The story is well told of some of the secret projects of the German Navy—for example, the plan, which was divulged by naval prisoners, and abandoned "to avoid interference with the stupendous programme of U-boat construction," for striking a shattering blow at the British Grand Fleet. The pivot of the scheme was to be "a squadron of unsinkable battle-ships to act as a battering-ram for the High Seas Fleet. They were to be low-lying, broad-beamed vessels of moderate speed, plated with armour thicker than that of any existing ship and impervious to the heaviest projectiles except at point-blank range.... It was their mission to steam straight for the enemy and engage simultaneously with all guns at the closest possible range." Not until they had done execution was the main body of the High Seas Fleet to join battle. Mr. Bywater thinks it possible that these monsters "might have had something of the moral and material effect of the first British tanks in France," but he doubts whether they would have been able to survive the effect of heavy naval guns at short range.

Another interesting "might-have-been" of German naval history is Admiral Scheer's project for a sortie in April 1918. The objective was to attack the important British convoy off the coast of Norway. For once, naval intelligence was at fault, on both sides. Admiral Scheer was misinformed as to the time of the convoy, so that he would have effected little in any case; but, for the first time in the war, he kept our Admiralty in ignorance of a High Sea Fleet movement by muzzling his own wireless. It was only an engine-room mishap to one of his ships which necessitated the use of wireless, and from that moment the enterprise was imperilled—and relinquished.

But it is, as we should expect, with the submarines that adventure reaches its acme. It is perturbing to think what the U-boat campaign might have meant if the war had not ended when it did. "No fewer than 226 new submarines were in various stages of construction, and orders had been placed for 212 more. Had the war lasted another year, therefore, 438 new U-boats would have been added to the 344 which had been built since the outbreak, making a grand total of 782.... During the war one yard alone, the Vulcan, of Hamburg, built or laid down 126 U-boats, and three other yards—Krupp-Germania, Blohm and Voss, and Weser—each contributed more than 100 boats." The havoc wrought by some of the submarine

"aces" was astounding: the redoubtable Lothar von Arnauld de la Perière accounted for 400,000 tons of shipping, and Forstmann was not far behind with 380,000 tons, Valentiner being third with a modest 300,000 tons. These were clean fighters; Schwieger, the destroyer of the *Lusitania*, was of different kidney, and Mr. Bywater tells how and with what determination we pursued him until his barbarous act was avenged. One of the most audacious, and at the same time most hopeless, submarine adventures of the war was Commander Emsmann's attempt to penetrate the defences of Scapa Flow. That he failed is not remarkable: what is extraordinary is that, long before this

craft of not more than 30 tons, with a complement of one officer and half a dozen men, but carrying two torpedoes and several depth-charges. Rizzo already had penetrated the defences of Trieste and sunk the *Wien*, creating such a moral effect that he may almost be said to have bottled up the Austrian ships in that port. In June 1918, he fell in with four Austrian Dreadnoughts which were proceeding to an attack upon the Otranto barrage—an enterprise which, if it had been successful, would have had the gravest consequences for the Allies in the Mediterranean. "Rizzo, in his cockleshell, steered right into the midst of the Austrian destroyers, any one of which could have blown him out of the water, selected his target, and calmly waited until the range was so short that his torpedoes could scarcely miss." He sunk one of the Dreadnoughts, and so scared the Austrian commander that the Otranto raid was abandoned. He himself and all his crew escaped unharmed.

How two Italian officers, Paolucci and Rossetti, "by their own unaided efforts, destroyed a Dreadnought of 21,400 tons, armed with twelve 12-in. guns, and manned by a crew of over a thousand," as she lay unsuspectingly in harbour, is too good a story, in its audacity and humour, to be spoiled by abridgement. We commend it, and the whole chapter, "David and Goliath," specially to the reader for examples of single-handed daring.

Since mystery is always exciting, the reader will probably turn with greatest eagerness to those "secret" elements of war which are indicated by Mr. Bywater's title; and he will not be disappointed. Any fair-minded person who went through the war will readily yield the palm to the Germans, in respect of sheer efficiency, in several branches of the military art. But in the excellence of our "intelligence," we can safely claim superiority: and the circumstance is not without irony, since it was the department in which the Germans most contemptuously underestimated us. Mr. Bywater will not provoke contradiction when he says that the British Naval Intelligence Service during the war "was undoubtedly the most perfect organisation of its kind the world has ever seen." It is common knowledge that we were well acquainted in advance with nearly every important movement of the High Seas Fleet; a particularly interesting chapter of this book relates the experiences of a British agent who for nearly four years worked as an electrical fitter in the most important German naval stations, especially Wilhelmshaven. Long before the war, despite the almost frenzied precautions of the German authorities, we knew every detail of the extremely elaborate defences of Heligoland (an orphan island of which Mr. Bywater gives a very interesting account). Luck came our way on several occasions: the sinking of the *Magdeburg* by the Russians early in the war gave us the key for many months to the German codes and signals, and a single "find," like the log-book of *UB 450*, enabled us to account for five submarines in rapid succession.

It is strange that the Germans should have supposed that they could make up, by their celebrated "thoroughness," for lack of imagination; and in spite of such solemn Teutonisms as their "Academy of Espionage" (described in Chapter VIII), a great deal of their information was valueless, either through inaccuracy or through sheer vacuity, and again and again it played into our hands.

The secret sabotage of the spy is the most unpalatable part of his occupation, but it is difficult to condemn it as illegitimate under stress of war. This book gives many examples: perhaps the most spectacular was the destruction of the Alhorn Zeppelin aerodrome. This act, which is almost certainly attributable to a spy, destroyed four sheds and five airships of the latest design in less than a minute. A particularly ironical instrument of death was the magnum of champagne which blew up a party of U-boat officers in Bruges. Mr. Bywater,

while unable to produce evidence, clearly does not feel satisfied that the explosions which occurred, in harbour, on four British battle-ships during the war were quite as "accidental" as they were officially declared to be. He makes no mention of the munition ship which blew up itself and half the city of Halifax; but there are to this day many in Nova Scotia who wonder about that.

The last chapter is of importance, and deserves careful attention, especially in the United States. The Washington Conference of 1921 was, by universal admission, a most necessary and timely act of common sense; but any who believe that a great and good man, Warren G. Harding, redeemed less philanthropic activities by one noble gesture, are urged to read Mr. Bywater's observations.—C. K. A.



ARE SAILING-SHIPS OF VALUE FOR THE TRAINING OF MODERN NAVAL CADETS?—THE ITALIAN TRAINING-SHIP, "AMERIGO VESPUCCI," SPECIALLY BUILT FOR THE PURPOSE IN 1930; A CRAFT WITH AUXILIARY MOTORS.

There is considerable controversy as to the value of sail for naval training purposes. Some have endorsed the opinion of the First Lord of the Admiralty expressed in the House on March 7, when he said: "I believe that an early training in sail is the only way to develop that spark of seamanship which is latent in every inhabitant of these islands." Others have declared that, as the days of sail as a strategic factor are clearly past for ever, light steamships are better suited to provide a training-ground on which the modern naval cadet may develop resource and initiative, and, above all, seamanship. This controversy has been closely followed in our pages, and was illustrated with remarkable photographic evidence in our issues of March 12 and March 26. Carrying the matter a step further, we here show our readers two unusual photographs of the picturesque training-ships in use in the Italian Navy. Sir Bolton Eyres-Monsell remarked in the speech to which we have already referred: "The curious thing is that nearly all other countries in the world have this form of training in sailing-ships, but we, who depend upon the sea more than any other country, have none at all."



A PICTURESQUE, BUT UP-TO-DATE, ITALIAN VESSEL, BUILT FOR TRAINING NAVAL CADETS: THE "CRISTOFORO COLOMBO" SEEN FROM ABOVE—A SAILING-SHIP WHICH HAS AN AUXILIARY SCREW DRIVEN BY DIESEL MOTORS.

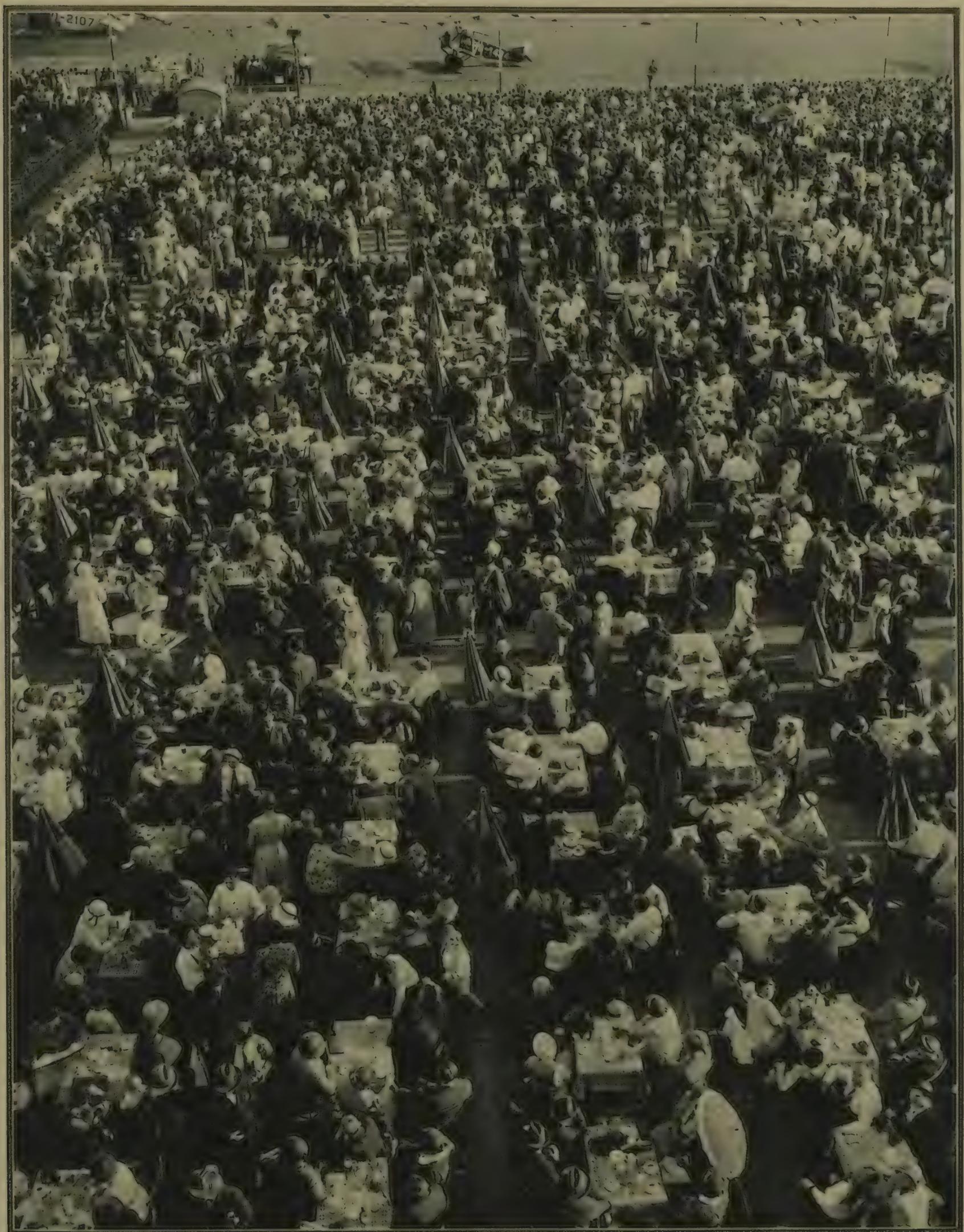
A note in "Jane's Fighting Ships" records that the "C. Colombo" usually depends on sail power; machinery being treated as auxiliary. Hull, masts and yards are all of steel. Loud-speakers or echo sounding gear form part of her equipment."

attempt, the Grand Fleet had deserted Scapa Flow for the Firth of Forth, and that the German Intelligence had not discovered the fact. Such exploits, however, had some value for our adversaries even when they were unsuccessful; there were several submarine scares at Scapa Flow, and we know from Mr. Winston Churchill that at one time Admiral Jellicoe felt none too confident of his defences.

Despite all that submarines dared and achieved, the highest award for combined gallantry and resource at sea must go to three Italian sailors. Mr. Bywater doubts whether "any other single-handed action during the war had as great an effect on the ultimate issue as Lieutenant Rizzo's exploit off Premuda." This intrepid officer was in command of one of the Italian "M.A.S." boats—tiny

\* "Their Secret Purposes: Dramas and Mysteries of the Naval War." By Hector C. Bywater, Associate of Inst. Naval Arch.; Life Member and Gold Medallist (1926) of U.S. Nav. Inst. With a Chart of the Post-Jutland Battle Fleets. (Constable and Co.; 10s. 6d. net.)

## A SYMBOL OF OUR TIME: THE RAPID GROWTH OF AIR-MINDEDNESS.



WATCHING THE FLYING WHILE ENJOYING TEA—AND BEER—IN THE “GARDEN” AT BERLIN’S AIR-LINER PORT:  
AT THE TEMPELHOFER FELD, GERMANY’S MOST FAMOUS PASSENGER-SERVICE CENTRE.

There was a time when the Tempelhofer Feld served for the manoeuvres of the garrison of Berlin and for reviews of the Prussian Guards. But that was in the days of Frederick William I.—in the early eighteenth century. Now part of it is built over and part is used as an aerodrome. And the aerodrome has even its own beer-garden, to which, in fine weather, Berliners flock in thousands, to enjoy open-air meals and music, and to watch the flying. Londoners, alas! cannot boast a kindred centre. Although the aerodromes of the Metropolis can claim that they also offer a certain amount of hospitality on occasion (when the dour “Dora” permits): Croydon, for example, is essentially a station, a terminus;

while Heston, with its admirable Flying Club amenities, is not for all. There Tempelhof scores; and, moreover, it is about as “get-at-able” to the Berliner as the Oval is to the dwellers in the West End of London, and thus has the advantage over our own metropolitan aerodromes. For that reason, among others, the Tempelhofer Feld is well patronised by the sightseer and helps to develop air-mindedness, which is growing so rapidly here in Europe, and in the U.S.A. Particularly is this the case on holidays, when such “stunt-flyers” as Udet and Fieseler will offer “thrills”; while there is a constant coming and going of air-liners from all over the Reich, and from many parts of Europe.

## CRUCIAL POINTS IN THE GERMAN POLITICAL SITUATION.



THE THIRTEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE WEIMAR CONSTITUTION: THE MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR (RIGHT) SUGGESTING CONSTITUTIONAL EMENDATIONS AT THE ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS.



THE MILITARY TRADITION—STILL RIGIDLY PRESERVED IN GERMANY: A REICHWEHR BODYGUARD MARCH PAST AT THE GOOSE-STEP.



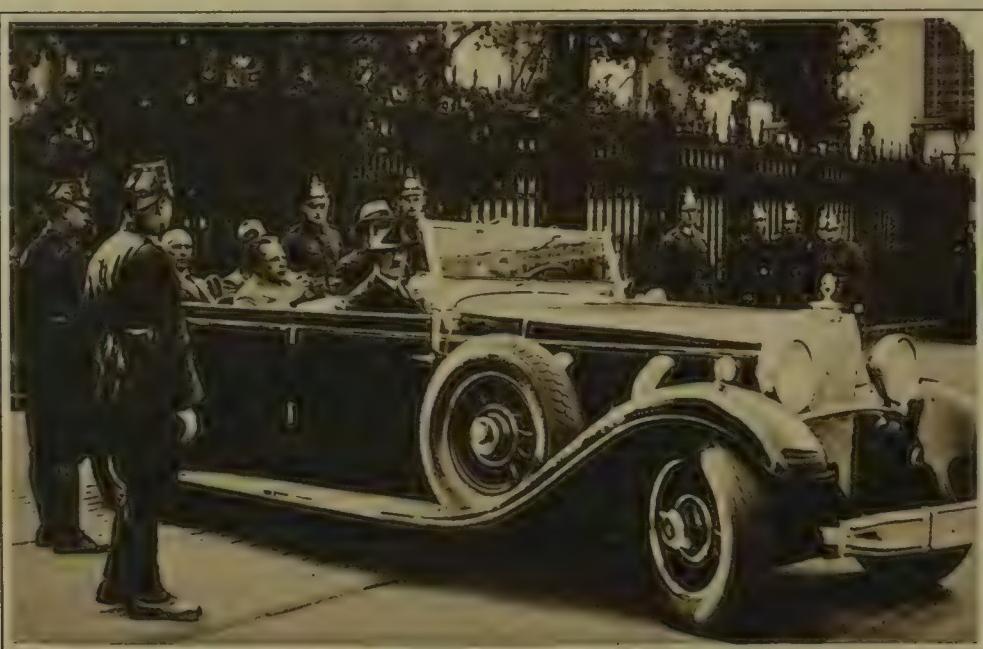
A FINE BODY OF MEN: BERLIN MOUNTED POLICE MARCHING PAST ON THEIR MAGNIFICENT HORSES IN THE COURSE OF THE RECENT CONSTITUTIONAL CELEBRATIONS.



GENERAL VON SCHLEICHER (LEFT FOREGROUND), REICHWEHR MINISTER AND A LEADING PERSONALITY OF THE PRESENT GERMAN GOVERNMENT.



THE "REIGN OF TERROR" IN GERMANY: A STREET IN BRUNSWICK WHERE TWENTY-FIVE HOUSES WERE DAMAGED BY THE EXPLOSION OF A BOMB.



HERR HITLER (IN THE CAR) LEAVING AFTER HAVING BEEN REFUSED THE CHANCELLORSHIP BY PRESIDENT HINDENBURG, WHO DECLARED THAT HIS CONSCIENCE WOULD NOT PERMIT HIM TO HAND OVER POWER EXCLUSIVELY TO THE NAZIS.

The recent German elections, when the Nazis, or National Socialists, emerged as the Party with the greatest number of seats, without, however, gaining an absolute majority in the Reichstag, were followed by a period of political deadlock. The "super-party" Government, which was in power at the time of the elections, continued to control Germany, with Herr von Papen as Chancellor and General von Schleicher as a prominent member. The General is seen in one of the illustrations on this page at a military review. The old military tradition, represented by the goose-stepping soldiers in another photograph, has come to the fore again. It would appear, however, to be one of the strongest supports of stability and common sense in the bewildering political situation. When a deadlock



IN THE REICHSTAG ON THE THIRTEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE WEIMAR CONSTITUTION: GENERAL V. SCHLEICHER (LEFT); PRESIDENT HINDENBURG, AND THE VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE REICHSTAG.

became inevitable after the elections, it was suggested that the Nazis might be conciliated by the offer of the Chancellorship to Herr Hitler. But in an interview with President Hindenburg on August 13 (which Herr Hitler is seen going away from in our photograph), the President declared that his conscience would not allow him to hand over power exclusively to the Nazi Party, which wished to use it one-sidedly. The President is reported to have said that he regretted that Herr Hitler could not support a National Government, as he had promised to do before the election, and gravely warned him to conduct his opposition in a chivalrous manner. The political deadlock, which is particularly deplorable at a time when Germany requires peace and quiet in which to make a national effort

[Continued opposite.]

## KEEPING THE PEACE IN GERMANY'S POLITICAL TROUBLES : A TYPICAL SCENE.



A SPECTACLE WHICH HAS GROWN TO BE ALL TOO COMMON IN THE LARGER GERMAN CITIES : AN EMERGENCY SQUAD OF POLICE HURRYING TO THE SCENE OF A POLITICAL OUTRAGE OR FACTION FIGHT.

*Continued.]*

to put her house in order, has already brought the Weimar constitution into criticism. At the celebration of the thirteenth anniversary of the constitution, Baron von Gayl, Minister of the Interior, who is seen speaking in our picture, outlined drastic alterations. These included the establishment of an Upper House or Senate, the substitution of electoral constituencies for the present party list system, and the raising of the voting age, which is at present twenty. But perhaps the most striking, and certainly the most alarming, feature of German life, since the elections, has been the growth in the number of acts of violence, developing into something like a reign of terror. An example of this occurred at Brunswick and is illustrated on the opposite page. A bomb of shattering

force was exploded about 3.30 a.m. in a street of which the tenants were, very nearly without exception, Socialists and Communists. Of the twenty-five houses nearest the seat of the explosion, not one escaped damage; while one man was seriously wounded. These outrages, and the fights between political factions (not so serious since an emergency decree prohibited all political demonstrations), make the scene illustrated here all too familiar in the larger German towns. A mounted detachment of the German police is illustrated opposite; while above an emergency squad is seen dashing from their car to the scene of conflict. This drawing appeared in a well-known German illustrated paper, in which it was implied that the scene was not at all an uncommon one.

## A FEW REMARKS ON THE DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE.

By SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,

*The distinguished Italian Philosophical Historian; Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.*

We continue here our series of occasional articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

THE first session of the Disarmament Conference, adjourned in July, arrived at conclusions which, although still provisional, are of consequence. But it arrived at them by means of a long, complicated, and laborious discussion that was chiefly distinguished by a certain confusion of ideas. The interlocutors used the same language, but they often attributed different meanings to the same word. That was also the case, on a smaller scale, with the Lausanne Conference. It is on the subject of that confusion that I should like to make a few remarks. It has its importance, for the better understanding of the times in which we live. To study it, I shall take two examples that seem to me to be characteristic.

The Disarmament Conference has wasted over two months trying to differentiate between weapons good and bad, offensive and defensive. But it is hardly necessary to be a great strategist in order to be aware of the fact that there is no weapon in existence that is offensive or defensive in itself. Any weapon can be offensive or defensive according to the intentions with which it is used. If I knock down a weaker man than myself with the idea of taking his pocket-book, then my hand is an offensive weapon quite as much as the most formidable of tanks. If I strike out vigorously at someone who attacks me, my hand is as much a defensive weapon as the strongest concrete trench. The largest of guns are defensive weapons when they open fire on an army that is invading a country. But in the invading army all weapons are offensive: light or heavy artillery, or the rifles of the infantry. The same reasoning may be applied to all weapons invented by man since the beginning of the centuries.

In proposing to abolish as offensive heavy artillery, tanks, and poison gases, a mistake has been made and a confusion. The weapons that have been defined as aggressive are the costly and cruel ones; the political problem of security has been confused with the moral problem of weapons that are inhuman. Heavy artillery, tanks, and poison gas are not the only deadly weapons invented by the devilish imagination of our generation and its predecessors. There are others, such as the torpedo, the *flammenwerfer*, the bombing plane. All these weapons, quite unknown fifty years ago, are a danger that threatens Western civilisation and from which the Disarmament Conference should deliver us, but for a reason that has nothing to do with the security of each nation. They should be abolished or their use limited, because their invention was, and their use is, a quite preposterous cruelty. But it is not because that cruelty would thus have been suppressed that aggressive warfare would be rendered impossible; far from it.

The military history of the human race is there to prove it to us on every page. These diabolical weapons have only been in existence for fifty years: has that ever prevented conquering States from attacking their neighbours in all centuries? If all the new military engines devised since 1870 were abolished, we should revert to the weapons with which France and Germany fought each other in 1870: rifles, light cannon, and a few machine-guns. In July and August 1870, the German army was able to make a violent offensive on the French army, to invade France, and get to Paris within two months—all this without either tanks, heavy artillery, poison gas, or bombing planes! . . . We might go even further and say that the Germans got to Paris in 1870 in less than two months because they had no heavy artillery, and that one of the reasons why they did not get there in 1914 was that they had it. By juggling with syllogisms we might even argue that heavy artillery is pre-eminently a defensive weapon.

The reason why the Disarmament Conference should give its attention to these weapons is that their only use has been, and always will be, to overburden military estimates in times of peace and render war more horrible. What counts in a war is not the absolute power of the weapons at the disposal of the adversaries; it is the relative superiority that one of them may have over the other. If I have a stick and my opponent is unarmed, I am better off than if we were both armed with an automatic, a rifle, a machine-gun, or even a six-inch howitzer.

The invention of a more powerful weapon is a reasonable act only in the proportion in which he who invents it contrives to be the only one to use it. The invention of firearms has given Europe a decided advantage over Africa and Asia, because those continents were not able for centuries to produce and manipulate those new weapons. Between nations equally capable of producing and manipulating all weapons, the effort to perfect them is nothing but dilettantism of cruel and futile destruction. It increases

a country by force, that country must be subjected to a permanent occupation. To defeat a powerful State, disarm it, forbid it by a treaty to re-arm, and at the same time to give it back its sovereignty, is to make clandestine re-armament into the most sacred of patriotic duties, the rallying-point of all civil and political discords in the conquered country. Napoleon's experiment with Prussia after Jena ought to have cured all conquering States for ever of any illusions on that score. Is it likely that human nature should have completely changed in the course of the nineteenth century?

I have occasionally added that the limitation of armaments imposed by the victors on the vanquished might sometimes have unexpected results. Is Germany going to give us a new proof of it, to add to those already afforded us by history? Several Germans have told me that the regular army, imposed by the Treaty of Versailles, might greatly facilitate a *coup d'état*. If Germany had a conscripted army, like France, that army would comprise Socialists, Communists, Catholics, Hitlerites, Conservatives, Monarchs, and Republicans. That polyglot mass of soldiers would enforce neutrality upon the chiefs. An army of professionals is composed of men without a party, whom the chiefs can employ much more easily for their own political ends. The army with which Napoleon III. made his *coup d'état* of November 2 was practically a professional one. Usually, however, all these remarks caused visible displeasure among my interlocutors. "But, in that case, what are we doing here?" they answered. "If the conventions of disarmament are destined to be broken, is it worth while taking so much trouble to draw up a new agreement?"

How often have I had to explain the difference between a coercive disarmament, inflicted on the vanquished as a punishment and unilateral precautionary measure, and a mutual agreement to disarm, freely discussed and approved, on equal terms, with the aim of universal peace! In the first case it is impossible to count on the goodwill of the disarmed people; the carrying out of the treaty will always resolve itself into a question of force. In the second case, however, it is an agreement of honour contracted by all States concerned. The one that fails in it is a traitor, whom the others have the right to abuse and the duty to chastise. That is why there will never be a serious agreement to disarm without some serious system of control and sanction.

That distinction between treaties imposed by force and treaties by free consent is one of the keys to history. In every period there have been treaties imposed by force and treaties by free consent. Sometimes circumstances require the one, sometimes the other. But, as they have not the same character, they offer different advantages and drawbacks. There is nothing more dangerous than to demand, from a treaty imposed by force, the advantages peculiar to a treaty by free consent, and vice versa. Generally, treaties by free consent are more difficult to conclude, but easier and more certain of execution. Treaties imposed by force are much easier to make, but, in order that they should be carried out, it is necessary for the State that has imposed them to remain the stronger. If the strength of the victor falters, the treaty fails to the ground.

Germany showed this to the world after 1871. Why did she, with the Triple Alliance, break the monarchical unity of Europe created by the Treaty of Vienna? Why did she compel all the Great Powers to embark with her on that endless armament competition that was to lead the world to the war of 1914 and to the calamities of the present day? Because she wished to remain the strongest, in order to enforce the Treaty of Frankfort, that she had wrung from an adversary momentarily knocked out by the fierce blows of the war of 1870. Bismarck's Germany may be blamed for everything except having tried to dodge the awful logic of facts and to escape the consequences of a treaty imposed by force. She went through with it to the end, which was her downfall and that of Europe.

[Continued on page 290.]



"HARDLUCK TOWN," NEW YORK: A SETTLEMENT OF HUTS BUILT IN THE HEART OF THE CITY BY UNEMPLOYED, WHO HAVE ELECTED THEIR OWN "MAYOR" AND HAVE THEIR OWN STREET-CLEANING ORGANISATION.

The photograph here reproduced reached us with the following description: "New York. A bird's-eye view of 'Hardluck Town,' a thriving—and striving—city of two hundred jobless men who are ready and willing to go to work at any time. They have built their own homes (sixty of them) and have their own volunteer street-cleaning brigade. No hoboes (tramps) are permitted in this city, which is situated at Ninth St. and the East River. The 'Mayor' is William Smith, a Texan, who was the first settler." It may be added that it was estimated in July that there were a million unemployed in New York; and as far back as last February there were said to be 8,300,000 persons out of work in the United States and 40,000,000 living "below the minimum standard of health."

the absolute power of instruments of destruction possessed by all belligerents, without altering their respective positions by so much as an inch. What happened in the World War? A fortnight after one side had invented a new instrument of destruction, the opponent had copied and perfected it. Both sides always found themselves in the same respective positions; only their sacrifices and casualties were increased.

Why were all the debates of the Disarmament Conference carried on irrespective of these imperative evidences? Why could not the Conference see that the problem of security is a great political problem which has nothing whatsoever to do with the power of the offensive and defensive weapons with which modern States endow their armies? Why has it involved itself in an interminable discussion on the subject of offensive and defensive weapons, in the course of which the technicians all demonstrated in turn that every weapon could be offensive or defensive as they pleased?

Another example of the confusion of ideas prevailing in the Conference that should be reorganising the world was afforded me by the debate on the value of treaties. I have often been asked, during these last months, my opinion on the subject of the disarmament of Germany. My answer was the following: "In order to know whether Germany has respected the clauses of the Treaty of Versailles relating to disarmament, I have need neither of commissions of inquiry nor of startling revelations. *A priori*, I am certain that Germany has violated that part of the Treaty as much as she possibly can. In order to disarm

**SELF-HELP BY THE GERMAN UNEMPLOYED:  
A "HOME-MADE" SETTLEMENT.**



OFFICIALLY DEVISED WORK FOR THE UNEMPLOYED IN PRUSSIA: HOMES BUILT BY THE WORKLESS FOR THEMSELVES, ON LAND SUPPLIED BY THE GOVERNMENT.

WE illustrate here one of those villages built by and for the unemployed which have sprung up in Prussia during the last nine months. Eighteen hundred settlers, with their families, were chosen for the first experiment in the neighbourhood of Berlin, and a number of these, working with the cheapest and most accessible materials, have actually built their houses. The scheme aims at making the unemployed at least "semi-self-supporting"; at giving them their own homes, and increasing their resistance to the psychological effects of prolonged unemployment. The initial cost to the Government of this scheme was some £2,400,000. The "settlers" receive the most necessary tools, fruit trees, seed, and chickens. Their houses contain kitchen, parlour, bed-room, store-room, and stable, and the loft can be used as one or two bed-rooms for children.

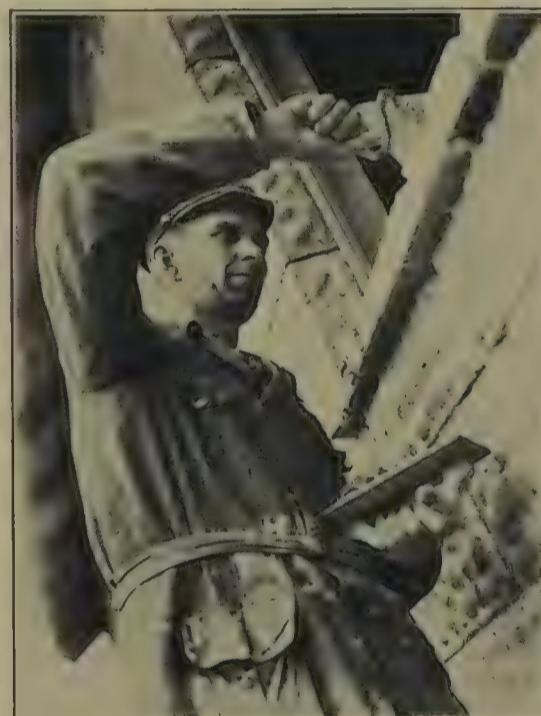
Water and light depend on local conditions and are necessarily primitive, though, as one of our photographs [Continued below.]



A HOUSE BUILT BY AN UNEMPLOYED GERMAN OPERATIVE: A "SETTLER'S" FAMILY IN THE GARDEN, WHICH PARTLY SUPPORTS THEM.



AN UNEMPLOYED FAMILY BRING LIGHT AND HEAT INTO THE HOUSE THEY HAVE BUILT: LAYING AN ELECTRIC CABLE.



AN UNEMPLOYED WORKMAN IN PRUSSIA HELPING TO BUILD HIMSELF A HOUSE, WITH MATERIALS SUPPLIED BY THE GOVERNMENT.



AN UNEMPLOYED STONECUTTER LAYING A PAVEMENT IN ONE OF THE NEW PRUSSIAN UNEMPLOYED "SETTLEMENTS"—HIS WIFE SERVING AS "APPRENTICE."



RUST AFTER HONEST LABOUR ON THE NEW SETTLEMENT: A WORKLESS MAN AND HIS FAMILY LISTEN TO THE WIRELESS IN THEIR NEW PARLOUR.

shows, some of the houses receive electricity. Material to make roads is also delivered, and the settlers are responsible for making them. The unemployed build the houses under the direction of "settlers" specially chosen for their knowledge of building, and as each house is completed lots are drawn for it. The unemployed who are thus "settled" continue to draw their unemployment allowance, but pay a small rent to the Government.



THE HIGH STANDARD OF CONVENIENCE AND CLEANLINESS ACHIEVED UNDER THE GOVERNMENT SCHEME: A KITCHEN IN A HOUSE BUILT BY THE UNEMPLOYED.

# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

## CONCERNING THE GLOW-WORM.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

I HAVE just returned from a brief holiday in Sussex, and it was with no small sorrow that I turned once more Londonwards; for, save as a magnificent centre for scientific work, London has no attraction for me. It was a real joy to stand over pigsties, watch cocks and hens and cows, and meander along country lanes taking note of way-side flowers, and the particular kinds of insects which frequented them, about which I shall have something to say presently.

A stroll through the wood at dusk, and later, was rewarded by the deliciously soft light of innumerable glow-worms, the inspiration, probably, of the old conception of fairies, in which even grown-ups of olden times firmly believed. I brought back two specimens for further examination. Though dwellers in the country know these well, I found none who regarded them as anything more than "common objects" of no particular interest. Familiarity, indeed, is said to breed contempt. Doubtless this is true where there is no desire to improve on acquaintance, or where there has been no circumstance to arouse curiosity, or to afford any latent desire for information a hope of satisfaction.

Yet I venture to believe that even the most incurious would find the life-story of the glow-worm,

power of reproduction is attained is puzzling, and so far quite inexplicable.

Since the female cannot venture forth in search of a mate, by way of compensation she has developed

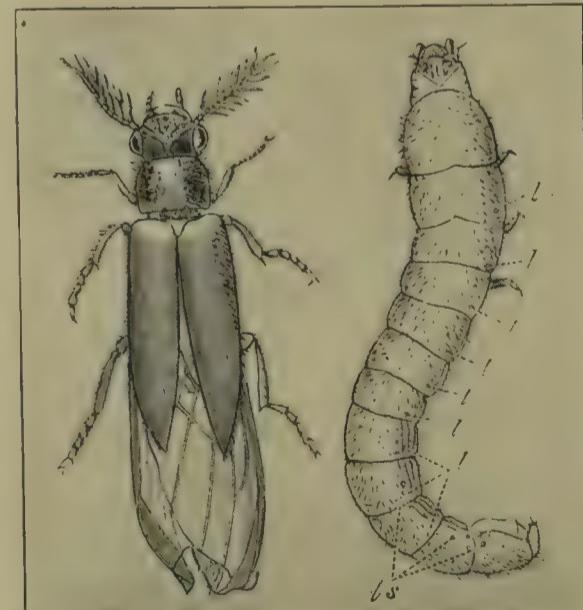


1. AN ADULT MALE GLOW-WORM (*LAMPYRIS NOCTILUCA*) : A PHOTOGRAPH WHICH SHOWS ITS WING-CASES WELL. (ABOUT FOUR TIMES NATURAL SIZE.)

The glow-worm is really a beetle, and, hence, has the fore-wings modified to form a pair of shields, covering the wings used in flight. The mate's luminous powers are but feeble; wherein it differs conspicuously from the "fireflies," to which it is nearly related.

the power of emitting the weirdly beautiful light which so charms us. It is sufficiently powerful to enable one to read print or tell the time by a watch, if a captive specimen is held sufficiently near the surface to be illuminated. By means of this beacon she enables any wandering male in search of a mate to find her. But he also is luminous, though the light emitted is very feeble. The fact that this luminosity is displayed also by the larva and the eggs is significant. It shows what may be called a light-producing diathesis; that is to say, an inborn, inherent tendency to produce this phosphorescent light, which, we may suppose, increased in intensity in the female in proportion as the power of flight waned. For with the ancestral glow-worm both sexes probably possessed the power of flight when adult. What agencies brought about the arrested development of the female have yet to be sought for.

As touching the nature of this light we have yet much to learn. What is known, however, cannot be explained without the introduction of technical terms, and



4. A FANTASTIC GLOW-WORM OF SOUTH AMERICA : LEFT, A MALE "RAILWAY-BEETLE," AND, RIGHT, THE FEMALE, WHICH SHOWS A RED LIGHT FROM EACH END OF THE BODY, AND A SERIES OF GREEN LIGHTS DOWN EACH SIDE ! (After Haase.)

The female of this South American glow-worm is even more like a larva than is the female of the British glow-worm. The positions of some of the luminous spots are indicated by the letters *l.l.*; while the position of the spiracles is indicated by the letters *ks.*

anatomical details which would make but dull reading. Suffice it to say that the luminescence is not due to the presence of "phosphorus"; though, for convenience, we speak of "phosphorescent light," since this fairly accurately describes its appearance.

But it is produced in part by oxygen pumped through a special enlargement of the tracheal tubes—which are the breathing tubes and permeate the whole body—into masses of a substance known as luciferin, lodged in the under-part of the sixth and seventh segments, or divisions of the body. These segments, in the living insects, are easily distinguished by their white coloration. Touches of pink, it may be mentioned, are found on the under-side of the head and the segment behind it.

It seems to be a moot point as to whether the adult glow-worms ever eat; and, if they do, what do they eat? From this it is clear that their life lasts no longer than suffices to ensure a new generation. The larvae, on the other hand, are voracious creatures, preying upon snails. But they do not "eat" them, as one understands the term "eating." That marvelous old naturalist Fabre, spent

a great deal of time in laboriously studying their mode of attack, and their method of consuming their victims, whose bodies, he found, they had the power of liquefying, reducing them to the condition of soup. Their method of attack is first to render the snail quite insensible to pain, by the injection of some mysterious digestive fluid, which is forced through a pair of delicate, grooved fangs. By repeated stabs, the whole solid mass is gradually, but surely, rendered liquid. It is then drawn up into the mouth through the pumping action of the gullet, until at last the shell is absolutely empty, a process which may take several days to complete. Slugs are also eaten. The mouth, by the way, is guarded by bristles, which strain off any solid particles.



3. THE UNDER-SIDE OF THE FEMALE GLOW-WORM : A PHOTOGRAPH WHICH SHOWS THE SEAT OF THE PHOSPHORESCENT LIGHT AT (A). (ABOUT FOUR TIMES NATURAL SIZE.)

The legs of the female are very feeble. The under-side of the head is covered with a projecting pink collar. The first three pairs of legs are set in a field of the same hue. In the species of glow-worm found in France (*Lucinola lusitanica*), the insect is enabled to climb by means of finger-like grasping organs at the end of the body.

Fabre found that the larvae of the closely allied French species would attack small snails which had fixed themselves to grass-stems some inches from the ground; this ravenous little beast climbed the stem to reach his victim—which indicates a sense of smell. This would seem to be an impossible feat, since the legs are but ill-suited for climbing. But their insufficiency is supplemented by a little rosette of suckers at the end of the tail, which, grasping the stem, help to force the body upwards. Here indeed is a strange method of climbing! This rosette of suckers serve yet another purpose—that of a sponge and brush. After a meal the brush is passed, again and again, over the head, back, sides, and hinder-parts, till at last any soiling from this gruesome meal is removed. Though no more than the broad outlines of the history of the glow-worm have been set down here, enough, surely, has been said to show that it is indeed something more than a merely "interesting" creature.

## THE ABBEY WITH WREN'S PROJECTED SPIRE: AN 18TH-CENTURY PAINTING.



WESTMINSTER ABBEY—WITH A CENTRAL "SPIRE" AND SPIRE-CAPPED WESTERN TOWERS: A RARE AND REMARKABLE PAINTING EXECUTED BETWEEN 1734—40, SHOWING ADDITIONS TO THE FABRIC PROPOSED BY WREN AND HAWKSMOOR; AND THE PREBENDAL HOUSES WHICH THEN STOOD AGAINST THE NORTH FAÇADE, BUT WHICH ARE OMITTED IN ALL KNOWN ENGRAVINGS OF THIS ASPECT.

THE oil painting of the North Front of Westminster Abbey, which we illustrate here, has recently been presented to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster through the generosity of Lord Wakefield of Hythe. It was probably painted by William James, a somewhat obscure eighteenth-century landscape painter, between 1734—40. Its great interest may be judged from the following circumstances. In 1697 Sir Christopher Wren was called in to repair the fabric of the Abbey, which was in a bad state of dilapidation. His design included the addition of a central tower and "spire." Wren considered this to have been the intention of the original builders. He wrote that "in all Gothic fabrics of this form the architects were wont to build towers or steeples in the middle, not only for ornament, but to confirm the middle pillars against the thrust of several rows of arches which force against them every way." The central spire, however, was found to be impracticable (as already decided in the Middle Ages) for the piers would not bear the weight. Wren died before the undertaking was begun. His designs were much altered by those by whom the work was actually done—Wren's pupil, Hawksmoor, and after Hawksmoor's death, by Dickinson and by John James, the architect of St. George's, Hanover Square. The western towers of the Abbey were finished in 1740; perhaps it was as fortunate that Hawksmoor was unable to carry out his original idea of topping them with spires as that Sir Christopher Wren was prevented from setting up his central "spire." The picture under discussion was probably painted to give an idea of the effect of these somewhat cumbersome additions, projected by the seventeenth-century experts in Gothic. Readers may observe a resemblance between the central "spire" in the picture and Wren's most famous venture into "Gothic"—the Tom Tower at Christ Church, Oxford. A wooden model which was also made at the time, showing a design for a central tower and spire, is preserved in the Abbey Museum, and reproduced on this page for purposes of comparison. The dating of the picture is made possible by the fact that the North-West Tower was begun in 1734 and completed in 1739, while the Prebendal Houses, which stood against the north side of the Cathedral and are shown in the painting, were pulled down between June and December, 1740. These Prebendal Houses were nearly always omitted in engraved views of the North Front of the Abbey—indeed, according to an extremely interesting article which appeared recently in the "Times," by Mr. Lawrence E. Tanner, the only drawing of them known is a pen-and-ink sketch by Hollar in the Pepys Collection at Magdalene College, Cambridge. Another topical point of interest in the oil painting is the Gatehouse Prison—seen to the west of the Towers. This prison dates from the fourteenth century; and almost every State prisoner was taken there before being removed to the Tower. This is said to be the only known representation of the famous prison while it was still complete.



AN ARCHITECT'S WOODEN MODEL OF A CENTRAL SPIRE DESIGNED FOR WESTMINSTER ABBEY: AN ADDITION PROPOSED BY SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN, BUT FOUND TO BE TOO HEAVY TO BE PRACTICABLE.

## A REVOLUTION THAT FAILED: FUTILE RISINGS IN SPAIN—



THE CAPTURED SEVILLE LEADER BEING CONVEYED TO MADRID: THE CAR CONTAINING GENERAL SANJURJO UNDER ARREST, FOLLOWED BY AN ESCORTING CAR, NEAR TALAVERA.



GENERAL SANJURJO (MARKED WITH CROSS) LEAVES THE CAR WHICH BROUGHT HIM FROM HUELVA TO ENTER THAT WHICH TOOK HIM TO MADRID: A TWILIGHT SCENE.

## SCENES AND PERSONALITIES IN MADRID AND SEVILLE.



GOVERNMENT FORCES RUSHED FROM MADRID TO SUPPRESS GENERAL SANJURJO'S REBELLION: SPANISH TROOPS OUTSIDE THE STATION AT SEVILLE ON THEIR ARRIVAL.



POPULAR DEMONSTRATIONS IN MADRID IN FAVOUR OF THE REPUBLIC AFTER THE SUPPRESSION OF A WEAK MONARCHIST RISING: A GREAT CROWD PASSING THE MINISTRY OF WAR.



GENERAL SANJURJO'S HEADQUARTERS AT SEVILLE BURNED AFTER HIS DEPARTURE: THE VILLA CASABLANCA ON FIRE.



THE ARRESTED LEADER ARRIVES IN MADRID: GENERAL SANJURJO (CENTRE) ENTERING THE GENERAL DIRECTORATE OF PUBLIC SAFETY.



THE SEVILLE LEADER: GENERAL SANJURJO, ONCE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN MOROCCO.



AN ARMED POLICEMAN'S CAPTURE: A RAPID-FIRE GUN TAKEN FROM A MADRID REBEL.



ARMED POLICE HELPING A WOUNDED COMRADE: ONE OF THE FEW CASUALTIES DURING THE BRIEF FIGHTING WITH MADRID REBELS.



ANOTHER CASUALTY IN MADRID: POLICE REMOVING A MAN SHOT DURING THE ENCOUNTER.



THE PALACE OF THE MARQUIS DE LUCA DE TENA, SEVILLE, ON FIRE: ONE OF MANY BUILDINGS WRECKED DURING DISTURBANCES AFTER THE RISING WAS SUPPRESSED.



ART TREASURES LOOTED FROM THE PALACE OF THE MARQUIS DE LUCA DE TENA: PICTURES STACKED IN THE OPEN STREET AT SEVILLE.



CAPTURED REBELS IN MADRID BEING CONVEYED TO PRISON BY CAR: AN INCIDENT OF THE NUMEROUS ARRESTS AFTER THE RISING HAD BEEN QUELLED.



A BATCH OF REBELS ON THEIR WAY TO PRISON UNDER AN ARMED ESCORT: A SCENE IN MADRID AFTER THE SUPPRESSION OF THE REVOLT.

Risings against the Republican Government of Spain broke out simultaneously at Madrid and Seville early on August 10. The ringleaders in Madrid were reported to be Monarchists, but the leader of the revolt at Seville, General Sanjurjo, stated in a manifesto that he was acting "for the good of the Republic," proclaimed himself Captain-General of Andalusia, and announced a "Republican Dictatorship." The Madrid rising was quickly suppressed by armed police, who, on receipt of warning from spies, had been supplied with

rifles and machine-guns. They opened rapid fire on advancing bands of rebels, several of whom were killed and wounded, while the others dispersed. Over 200 arrests were made. The short encounter took place in the heart of the city, near the Ministry of War and the Bank of Spain. The revolt at Seville was much more serious. General Sanjurjo is a distinguished and popular officer, who did fine work as Commander-in-Chief and as High Commissioner in Morocco, and last year, in command of the Civil Guard,

helped to establish the Republic. He entered Seville, it was reported, with the aid of the Civil Guards, seized the principal buildings, and won over the garrison. Government troops were immediately sent from Madrid to Seville, by train and motor-bus, with artillery and aeroplanes. On August 11, however, the Seville rising collapsed; the garrison resumed allegiance to the Government, and General Sanjurjo was arrested near Huelva on his way to the Portuguese frontier and taken in custody to Madrid. His head-

quarters at Seville, the Villa Casablanca, was burnt by released political prisoners, who also fired several other buildings. An attempt was made to burn the prison, and in the ensuing fight a Civil Guard was killed. This was the only blood shed in Seville during the disturbances. On the 14th it was stated that order had been restored, and that many more Monarchists had been arrested. At Madrid there were over 1000 prisoners in the Model Prison, and public interest was centred in the forthcoming trials.

# A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

## EARLY ENGRAVED MAPS.

A Royal Geographical Society Publication. Reviewed by FRANK DAVIS.



HERE is an admirable series of facsimile reproductions on hand-made paper, consisting of twenty County Maps, part of an extraordinary set of playing-cards, and a learned introduction by the Society's Librarian, Mr. Edward Hewood. The maps are issued unbound; the introduction is not only an authoritative exposition, but also a beautiful example of modern printing from the Cambridge University Press—would that all learned societies would take half as much trouble with the format of their publications! On several occasions in the past three years this page has been occupied by details of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century maps, and an attempt was made to show how the early cartographers were not only scientific enthusiasts, but artists as well; emphasis was necessarily laid upon the latter aspect of their productions rather than upon their more serious contributions to knowledge.

If anyone thereby acquired a taste for old maps as decorations, I would urge him, as the next step towards a proper understanding of, at any rate, early English maps, to obtain this series, for in it he will find examples which will in themselves provide an adequate survey of our ancestors' attitude to this very important practical science. It is impossible to ignore the map-maker's fine flourishes, his inventiveness, and his quaint delvings into history—these are points which charm the eye immediately; but it is only too easy to notice such things and to forget that they are little more than amiable concessions to popular taste which conceal a vast amount of laborious spade-work.

We are concerned wholly with English map-makers; some are anonymous, others—like Christopher Saxton and John Speed—are by this time familiar, in name at any rate, to most people. From obscure beginnings this almost new branch of learning, as far as this country was concerned, attains a remarkable apogee in the labours of Saxton, who wandered for nine years, and printed his first map in 1574; publishing all the counties in collected form in 1579. His importance, as Mr. Hewood remarks, lies in the fact that his work "remained for a full century the basis of all the detailed mapping of England and Wales, though some few attempts to extend it in certain directions were made during the period." Not the least of the virtues of the R.G.S. publication is the reproduction of two maps of the same county of different dates, so that one can see how the later example differs from the earlier. I take one instance, that of Hertfordshire. The first is a Saxton map, engraved by Nicolas Reynolds of London—who is definitely known for this one only—and dated 1577. The second is a fine anonymous map of 1602, an adaptation of one by John Norden published four years previously.

The Saxton map has no roads: apparently Norden attached great importance to this feature, and the copyist of 1602 includes them. Anyone who is familiar with the county will bear witness to the care and accuracy with which this old map-maker has delineated his roads (remember, we don't know what methods were used): the alternative routes to Cambridge, for example, branched off at Puckeridge—one *via* Royston, the other *via* Barkway—just as they do to-day; and we can, no doubt, trust the evidence of this map when it shows the Bishop's Stortford-Buntingford road plunging down the steep hill at Braughing

(now little more than a lane) instead of bearing left to Standon.

It is a fascinating pursuit looking at any map—I am one of the many people who can pore over an ordnance survey sheet for hours at a time—and the study of a well-known district as it was mapped out by a Saxton when Elizabeth was on the throne, or by his later copyists and adaptors, is no less exciting. One point in the 1577 map puzzled me greatly, and, finding no mention of it in the introduction, I took the sensible course of asking the author to explain. Beneath the names of various towns is written (not engraved) the words "Veneris" or "Jovis" or "Martis," etc.,

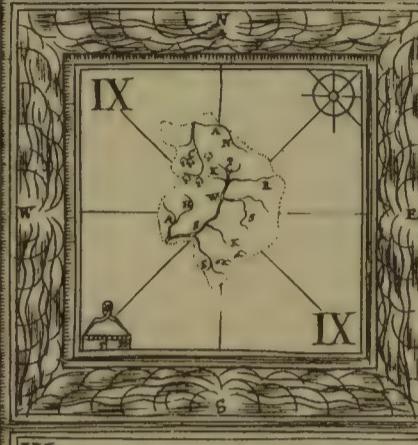
What could this mean? I found that these autograph additions were the work of William Burton, brother of the author of "The Anatomy of Melancholy," himself a topographer and the author, in 1622, of a

*THIS mayden queene, like Deborah doth reign,  
She by her wisdom, and her constant zeale:  
In peace, and plentie, doth gods wordes maintaine,  
Would god I couldst her vertues all reveale.*

**WARWICKS:** the 9 of the East hath Miles  
In Quantite superficiall 555 In Circuite 122  
In Length from Staffordshire to Oxford 37  
In Bredeht from Lecestershire to Worcester 28



*TWISE sixteene yeare s̄ scepter in her had,  
No traitors could, nor forraie foes wrest out:  
Great warres abrode, yet god defends her land,  
Lord let thy Angells, compasse her aboute.*



**WARWICKS:** one pte champio, that her woodland  
Abounding with corne & grafe, well inhabited ~  
Hawngs Lecester & Northay, East Worcest-West  
Lecester: & Stafford North Glo. & Oxf. South

I. TWO PLAYING CARDS FROM A UNIQUE SET (DATED 1590) WHICH IS REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE IN THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY'S PUBLICATION REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE—THE ONE ON THE LEFT BEARING AN ENGRAVING OF QUEEN ELIZABETH AND PATRIOTIC RHYMES; THAT ON THE RIGHT, ONE OF THE SERIES OF MINIATURE COUNTY MAPS WHICH DECORATE THE BULK OF THE PACK (IN THIS CASE, A MAP OF WARWICKSHIRE, WITH A SHORT DESCRIPTION).

(Reproductions by courtesy of the Royal Geographical Society.)

"Description of Leicestershire," and that they merely showed the market days ("Dies Veneris—Friday," etc.) of the various places. It would appear that Burton was using this map as the basis for some projected publication of his own. (Lest I should appear to give a wrong impression, I should add that there is a reference to these market days in the note upon another map, but as it is not explained that the additions are in Latin, the reader's bewilderment can be understood. The place of Burton among topographers is, of course, noted, and I was shown the set of Saxton maps owned by him and now belonging to the Society.)

In the later map there are more names, but—perhaps partly for this reason—fewer indications of heights, and a much more elaborate series of symbols, set out in a column by the side—Market Towns, Castles, Houses, and Manners of Queen Elizabeth, etc. Dane End, Barnet, and St. Albans are embellished with little vignettes of men fighting—four or five a side—to indicate the battles.

Two very rare sheets must not pass without a mention. The first is a map of England and Ireland by an unknown author, torn at the top right-hand corner, but with a hitherto unknown portrait of Elizabeth. The second is a unique series of playing-cards, dated 1590—much earlier than anything of the kind hitherto known. A detailed description is impossible at the end of an article. There is a minute county map on each, or else a small portrait engraving or a rhyme—very interesting, odd, rare, instructive, and charming.

I understand other publications from the Society's collection will appear in due course. I look forward to them with pleasurable anticipation, and particularly to a possible reproduction of a large map of the world by the Jesuit missionary, Matteo Ricci, with explanatory notes in Chinese.



2. PART OF A REMARKABLE MAP OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND REPRODUCED IN FACSIMILE IN "ENGLISH COUNTY MAPS": ENGLAND AND WALES, BY AN UNKNOWN AUTHOR; SHOWING A HITHERTO UNKNOWN PORTRAIT OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

The note on this map in Mr. Hewood's introduction states that the map was adapted to the *Britannia* of Camden, whose influence is clearly seen in the addition of ancient names. Furthermore, Mr. Hewood observes that the portrait of Queen Elizabeth seems hitherto to have escaped notice.



## SUN HEALTH TOURS

If Midsummer, 1932, be memorable for nothing else, it will be recalled as a vintage period of sunshine. But the year is mellowing. The evenings will soon be drawing in with autumnal chill. Then the dark days and the depths of winter! How to escape them?

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## THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

### THE PROMENADES.

THE summer is the suitable time of the year for promenade concerts, and in London the ideal months for such concerts are, no doubt, August and September; but the trouble is that our so-called Promenade Concerts at the Queen's Hall are by no means suited to such summer weather as we are having this year. For those who have comfortable seats in the grand circle of the Queen's Hall, it is as cool a place as most other places of entertainment, but, owing to the vagaries of our climate, our concert halls in England are not built either for true summer or true winter weather.

That is to say, they are apt to be hot and confined in summer and cold and draughty in winter, being intended for some sort of mild, half-way climate that is neither ever cold nor ever hot. Consequently, often in winter our orchestral players can hardly play because their hands and fingers are stiff with cold, and visiting soloists feel that they would have to come on to the platform in a fur overcoat and with a couple of hot-water bottles, one at their feet and the other on their lap, in order to do themselves justice. It is worse at rehearsals than at the actual performances because, for some reason, our halls are never heated for the sake of the performers—to enable them to do their work well—but only for the comfort of audiences. In summer, both players and audiences suffer, especially in such weather as we have been having since the Promenades began.

### WINTER PROMENADES.

This year, for the first time, we are going to have a season of winter "Proms" in London, beginning some time in December, and it is quite clear from the enthusiastic support of the "Proms" that a winter season ought to be as successful as the summer season. But this makes it all the more important to secure proper conditions. How attractive it would be if one could go to a real Promenade Concert in winter and summer where one was able to move about freely, to sit down and have refreshment in comfort during the intervals, and where there would be warmth and comfort in winter and spaciousness and fresh air in summer! I am certain that under such conditions thousands of persons would be attracted to go to these concerts who at present do not patronise them at all.

### A DULL WEEK.

The first week's programmes were rather dull, and certainly below the average in interest. The Tchaikovsky concert on the Tuesday was not enlivened by Mr. Arthur Catterall's performance of the Tchaikovsky violin concerto. Mr. Catterall was never an inspired violinist, but he used to play in a more direct manner and with a freer style than he did on this occasion. Whether through nervousness or self-consciousness, his bowing was stiff and awkward, and his whole style was clumsy.

Mr. Keith Falkner's Bach singing was one of the brighter spots of the week, but the British composers' concert on the Thursday was one of the least attractive of these special British concerts. Neither Mr. Edgar Bainton nor Mr. Frank Bridge are what one would call exhilarating composers, in spite of their competence, and I have to confess frankly an inability to enjoy Mr. Arnold Bax's Symphony No. 3. Mr. Bax is one of those mysterious examples of a musician possessing more talent for writing music than for delighting those who listen to it. One admires, but one does not enjoy.

W. J. TURNER.

### A FEW REMARKS ON THE DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE.

(Continued from page 282.)

That distinction between free and coercive treaties, which is of the utmost importance, does not stand out very clearly to the mind of our period. That was easily perceived in the Conferences of Lausanne and Geneva. Germany's position was not the same at the two Conferences and before the two different problems, disarmament and debts. Her position in the disarmament question depended on a coercive treaty; her position as a debtor nation, at Lausanne, on a free treaty—the Young Plan, that she had discussed and accepted of her own free will. She had even entered into immediate enjoyment of the counterpart of her future undertakings—the anticipated evacuation of the Rhineland.

In consequence, we might have expected that, on the banks of Lake Leman, the attitude of the German Government at Lausanne would have been unanimously considered a little far-fetched. It may happen that a State, like an individual, may enter, in all good faith, upon an undertaking that may subsequently prove beyond its capacity to perform. It is a misfortune that may justify asking the creditor for a modification of the contract as a concession demanded by circumstances, but not as the righting of a wrong done him by the creditor. Now, that is the attitude

adopted by German opinion, and, in a certain measure, by the German Government as well, at Lausanne: an obvious absurdity which, apparently, should have provoked only one possible response from the members of the two Conferences. Not at all, however. It was easy to discover two groups at Geneva and Lausanne: the friends and enemies of Germany. The friends looked upon the disarmament clauses and the Young Plan stipulations as equivalent coercions. The enemies of Germany made their confusion the other way round; they looked upon the undertakings of the Young Plan and the disarmament clauses as having the same moral value of free treaties.

This confusion, like the useless debate on offensive and defensive weapons, was worthy of a moment's study, because they are both common mistakes of our times. The bodies that rule the world to-day have many qualities that were lacking in the old régime; but they no longer realise in what conditions a war may obtain results in proportion to the effort and the risks involved, nor what is to be expected of a treaty, the rights it creates and the duties it imposes. A confused mystic notion of victory and justice, of might and right, has replaced the coherent doctrines and clear principles at which the ruling élite of the eighteenth century had arrived before the Revolution. That notion has filled the understanding of our time with strange mists, through which drift, like phantoms, imaginary rights, fantastic hopes, vain wrath, and barren enthusiasms. It is on these phantoms that the world has lived since 1919. To dispel this confusion should be the aim of the intellectuals, the historians, the jurists, the sociologists, and also the men of letters, for literature has contributed its share in the creating of the present confusion. It is in this great cause that the *Institut Universitaire des Hautes Etudes Internationales* has been established in Geneva. Are we going to be able to accomplish that task? It is a vital question for the future of the world.

The task is not an easy one, but should prove attractive to vigorous minds, eager for life-giving truth. For in that confusion intellectual life takes shape. The fact stands out in history. The more I study the history of the nineteenth century—a history that so nearly concerns us, that should be the living antecedent of the world in which we live—the more I marvel that the modern mind in all countries should content itself with a tradition that is nothing but the crystallisation of political interests now defunct. How are we to understand the present, when we have such a lifeless knowledge of the past that has engendered it? Europe and America will be able to see more clearly into the present and the future, at the time when they arrive at a better knowledge of the history of the nineteenth century. But the true history of the nineteenth century should not be drawn only from the archives; it should also, and above all, arise from a boundless craving for enlightenment and truth.

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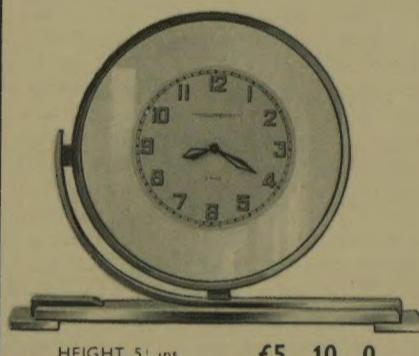
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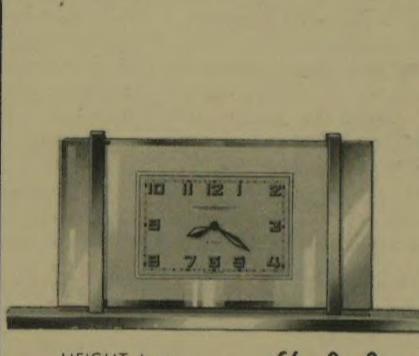
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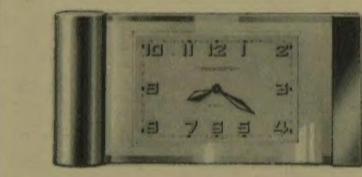
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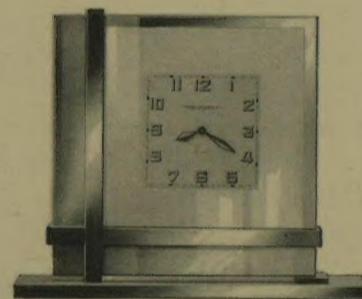
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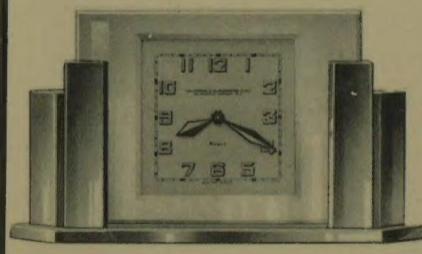
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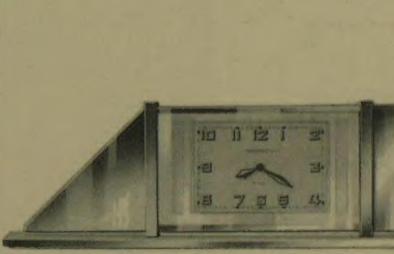
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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

BY H. THORNTON RUTTER.

SECOND-HAND cars are becoming easier to sell at this time of year than is usually the case, whether the owner parts with the vehicle to a private purchaser or to the trade. I am told that the reason for this is that many buyers of used cars require them for business purposes. In fact, one dealer held the view that only those folk who wanted their cars for daily use retained them, as the vast majority of "pleasure motorists"—those using their cars only at week-ends—had been compelled, for financial reasons, to give them up.

A business motorist stated to me recently that purchasers of new 9-h.p. to 14-h.p. cars, which were bought for commercial travellers and others, covered a mileage of 10,000 to 12,000 in a year, and seldom kept their vehicles more than twelve or eighteen months. Some of these people have been paying from £190 to £260 for their new car, and about £18 to £28 per annum for insurance and road tax. As they usually buy their cars from the same agent, he arranges a definite price value for the new car as its second-hand allowance at the end of twelve or eighteen months.

On the other hand, a large number of owners of small cars are buying larger second-hand vehicles, in order to gain extra comfort and more roomy coachwork, after selling their own car. These are cars ranging from 18 h.p. to 30 h.p., four or five years old, which, in good running condition, can be obtained for about £100 or less. With such low value, these buyers only insure such cars against third party, fire, and theft, so that, with the road tax, they only pay about £30 tax and insurance, as compared with the £28 per annum for a new 12-h.p. rated car, and get the benefit of the larger coachwork. Such additions to the running costs in the matter of oil, petrol, and tyres for the larger and faster car are compensated by the better road performance.

**Invicta "Twelve":** At the present time there are a large number of motorists who are buying cars of low engineering, in order to economise in tax and insurance charges, but yet desire high-class road performance. It is for that section of the motoring public that the small Invicta of 12 h.p. has been produced. This

model, which, only rated as a "Twelve," seats four or five persons in its saloon coachwork, is designed to carry them in comfort up to speeds approximating 70 miles an hour. Its 1½-litre six-cylinder engine has overhead valves and camshaft, and the makers state that it develops upwards of 47 brake-horse-power. The car itself has a wide track, long wheelbase, and low build, so that it sits very steadily on the road at high speeds. Generally, this Invicta follows the lines of its famous elder brother, the 30-h.p. model. The latter car, by the way, driven by Mr. Donald Healey, gained further honours for British motors by its excellent performance in the Alpine Trials during August Bank Holiday week. To return to the 12-h.p. Invicta, drivers will find this car easy to handle, as the gear-change is simple and requires no pause either up or down. From a standing start, the car arrives at a speed of 50 miles an hour in 35 sec. to 36 sec. The brakes are very powerful, with the same diameter as those fitted on the wheels of the larger 4½-litre 30-h.p. Invicta. Considering its high-class road performance and the roominess of the coachwork, the price—£425 for the saloon—is very reasonable.

Brake Tests ;  
Driver's Lag.

We are getting very scientific in our motoring data nowadays, as the greater use of faster cars has caused Safety First councils in all parts of the world to obtain facts and figures of diverse results. A report has reached me from the Detroit Safety Council which is interesting to motorists in all parts of the world by reason of its brake-testing results. The report states that approximately half a second is required by the average driver to get his foot on the brake-pedal of his automobile when an emergency occurs. This delay—or "driver reaction" time, as it is termed; "lag," we call it in England—means that the car travels about five yards at a speed of 20 miles an hour before the brakes come into action. I am sure few drivers realise that this "lag" may mean danger to themselves and others. Therefore, it is most important that every driver of a motor-vehicle should see that the position and height of the brake-pedal are so arranged as to allow the foot to operate the brake suddenly with the minimum loss of time. American cars usually require the driver to actually lift his foot off the floor to stamp on the brake-pedal, whereas our British cars' brake-pedal is closer to the floorboard,

and the driver can usually swing the foot on the heel from the accelerator position to that operating the brakes. It is a point of design that requires attention as a safety factor in motoring, so I raise it now in order that purchasers of new season 1933 cars can test how long it takes them to put on the foot-brake in an emergency on cars which they try when deciding on any particular make or type.

"ORDERS ARE ORDERS," AT  
THE SHAFTESBURY.

**I**N "Orders are Orders" Messrs Ian Hay and Anthony Armstrong have given us "a Military Diversion" that, if not riotously funny, is yet amusing enough. If one never actually roars with laughter, one can usually, without much effort, maintain a pleased expression during most of the entertainment. It is, at all events, perfectly clean and wholesome, and can be recommended as ideal for children. It seems a pity that the authors have thought fit to introduce an American film company into the comedy; film satire seldom appeals to theatre-goers, and the films do it so much better themselves. Anyhow, the plot, such as it is, deals with the efforts of one Ed. Waggermeyer to obtain permission to use the Barracks as a background for a film showing an American Marine, single-handed, relieving a beleaguered British garrison when at its last gasp. Two bright mess-orderlies persuade him that there are wheels within wheels, and many bribes must be passed up before the Colonel will give the desired permission, and beneath an air of bovine stupidity contrive to feather their nests very nicely. A subsidiary plot concerns itself with the hero's attempts to be off with an old love (the Colonel's daughter) before he is on with the new (a film-star). On the whole, a moderately amusing farce that can be recommended to those who, during the hot weather, desire a not too stimulating entertainment. Messrs. Ernest Jay and Reginald Bach were most amusing as the mess-orderlies; Mr. Clive Currie once again scored as a fussy martinet; and Mr. Reginald Purcell contrived to be funny in the hackneyed rôle of an American film-producer. Miss Olive Blakeney gave a lively performance as an American film-star, and the love interest was efficiently handled by Miss Adele Dixon, Miss Marjorie Corbett, and Mr. Basil Foster.

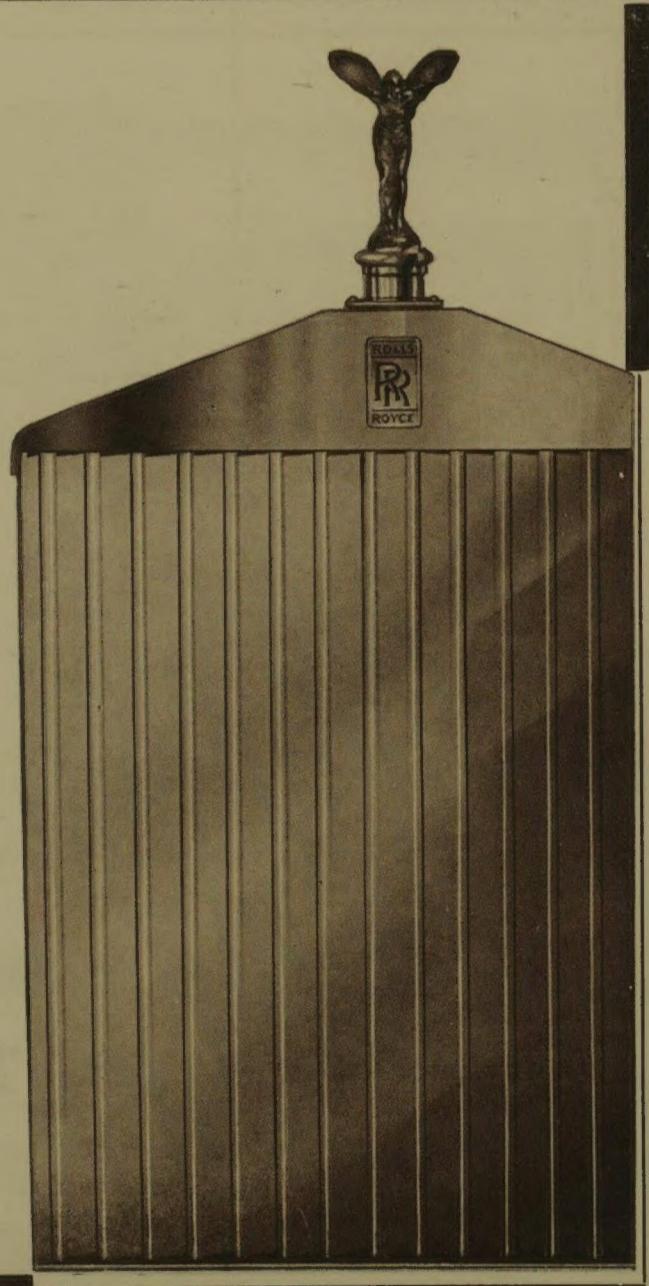


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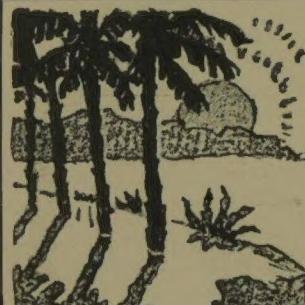
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"Sahib," said the babu, "we have a proverb that the hypocrite asks always for the bird, but that the valorous man asks only for the bow and arrows."

"Well, what of it?" asked O'Hara.

"This obese and talkative babu, intimidated by the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, is a Hamlet who has seen what U.S.A. Americans would call a lot of hot stuff, and a lot more cheap baloney. Life is like that: two-thirds hokum. And the other third is nearly nine-tenths stupid. Just about a tenth of one per cent. of life is hell and heaven, mixed into a drunken and beautiful madness. But that is enough. I am mad. You are mad. This elephant is mad. And so is Lalla Lingo. *Verb sap.*"

"What's wrong with the elephant?" O'Hara asked him.

"He obeys us. He could shake us off, and roll the howdah off, and run to where a hundred elephants are roaming wild and uncontaminated by a sense of duty."

"Lalla Lingo?"

"Is a man of many talents, without philosophy enough to cherish them beneath a sense of humour in the autocratic solitude he might enjoy if he were only not a propagandist. Think of

him. He owns a village, whose inhabitants believe he is a god in an imported suit of Palm Beach reach-me-downs. It is an honour if he takes their women. It is privilege to them to build his house, and grow his corn, and bring him meat. He has his books, his European education, and an income that is ample for exotic needs. And yet he wants more. So he subsidizes murder—"

"We don't actually know that," said O'Hara.

"And he subsidizes the police—"

O'Hara interrupted: "That is also something that we can't prove . . ."

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"Look here, old girl, I've been thinking it over and if you really insist I'm prepared to do all I possibly can to help you. . . ."

All Azalea's life reluctant people, looking shame-faced, had constantly come to her and said they were ready to do something for her that previously they had sworn they would never do.

In 1909, a mere Saul among prophets, on witnessing the defeat by Azalea, aged four, of her septuagenarian grandfather (educated Eton and Balliol College, Oxford; called to the bar in 1860; Q.C. 1871; King's Bench Judge 1889; Victorian to the backbone, irascible and unbending) in a battle of wills that ended in Sir Mervyn obediently crawling on her mother's dusty drawing room carpet beneath a moth-eaten tiger-skin rug, would have predicted a masterful career for the auburn-haired imp on whose bronze eyes anger seemed to encrust a greenish patina.

Nurses, their bodies stiffened by whalebone, their wills indurated and their wits sharpened by years of conflict with nursery mutineers, either walked the plank or laid down not only their arms but their entire personalities for Azalea to trample on. Other servants—even butlers who called her the little devil in their pantries—after suffering the pressure of Azalea's thumb in silence, only maintained that sturdy independence of character, which is the British domestic's birthright, by subsequently being covertly ruder than usual to Azalea's parents. . . ."

*A good Society story by George Froxfield—"AZALEA ABDICATES" . . . a rather risky experiment in matrimonial strategy.*

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